





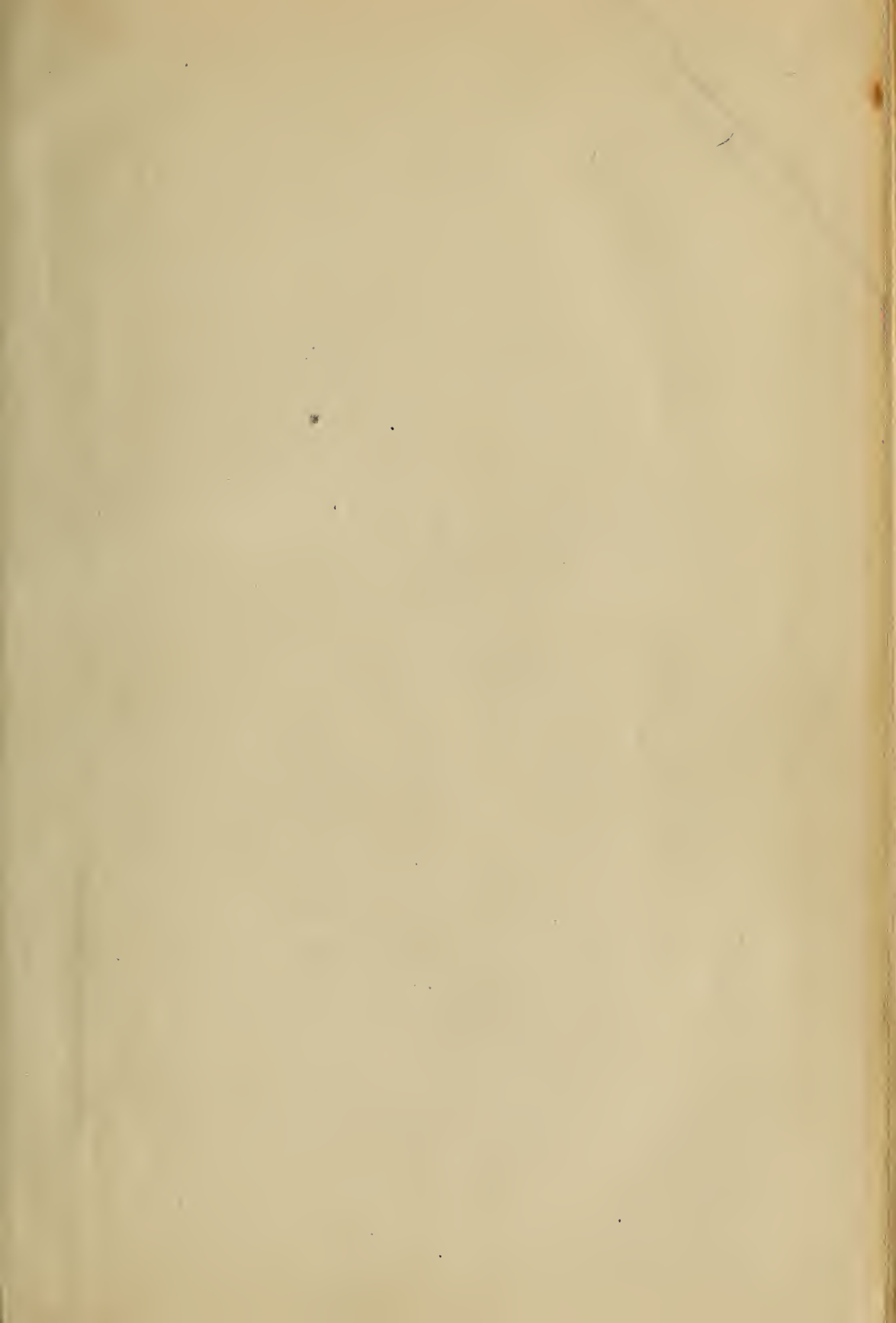
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*Getting What We Want*  
By DAVID ORR EDSON

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# GETTING WHAT WE WANT

*How to Apply Psychoanalysis  
to Your Own Problems*

By  
DAVID ORR EDSON, M.D.



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*Getting What We Want*



# *Getting What We Want*

## I

### THE MIND AS A MACHINE

A LITTLE boy stood with his four brothers on the steps of their home, waiting and eager. A carriage was coming up the driveway, bringing back from a long absence his beloved mother.

The boy's mind looked forward to the immediate future when his mother would hug him tight and kiss him. Behind him, though the child knew nothing of this, stretched a corridor, a billion years long. Through this his mind and body had journeyed slowly up from First Things to what they were that day.

The five boys ran forward as the carriage stopped and their mother alighted, but between them and their desire an unexpected factor intervened momentarily: the gardener stepped forward and spoke to the

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mother, and for a moment she conversed with him before turning to her children.

In the heart of the little boy something woke and stirred and spoke. Gone for the moment was the love and desire that had filled him. Instead the lad thought: "Rotten old fool! If I could, I'd kill him."

Remember, he knew nothing of the corridor of evolution that reached far back behind him, but already he had slipped back down its length millions of years.

The mother had turned to her sons now and they were pressing about her, clamoring for love and recognition. The little boy, who worshiped her as ardently as the others, was on the outskirts of the group. He saw what was going to happen. He was going to be kissed last!

He looked about him. A few yards away a big rooster was walking sedately across the grass. Jealousy and mortification had thrust the child's mind from the unendurable present far back into the past, and the primeval voice that had spoken to his forbears, millions of years before, now sounded in his ears.

"Come," said Nature to the temporary cave man, "there is your game. Here is a stone. There is strength in your good right arm. Kill it! Kill it!"

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The boy picked up the rock and threw. There was a squawk and a whirl of feathers as the rooster toppled over with a broken leg.

“Why, David!” exclaimed the mother, and at her voice the lad’s mind came hurtling back out of the corridor of the past into the present. “That poor rooster! See what you have done! The poor, harmless bird! And you deliberately went and hurt it.”

Back into the fold of civilization came my mind—for I was that boy. For the rest of that day I hovered about while they set splints on the rooster’s leg and cooped him up so that the shattered bone might knit again. Only strong parental dissuasion kept me from taking the bird I had injured to bed with me that night. I was sorry, genuinely sorry, yet when I had flung that stone I had devoutly hoped to slay the creature for whom I now grieved.

This is what happened. Through the accident the mind of David Edson had been flooded with emotion—jealousy. In his nineteenth-century experience there was no outlet for the impulse that had gripped him. There was no gratification in the present for a demand that must be gratified. Therefore, David Edson’s mind drove him back across the whole span of human history into the darkness from which he had painfully

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emerged, and there in the primeval, in the age where the strong arm was law, emotion expended itself in action. Within one moment he had leaped the mighty span from the present to the Archaic and back again to the present.

My mind—anyone's mind—was and is a mechanism, as distinct, as fully governed by laws (which are only beginning to be recognized) as any physical organ.

Not so long ago, when his stomach revolted against what he had placed in it, man gripped his abdomen and moaned that God or the devil had smitten him. Later, certain of his fellows discovered laws to which man's stomach reacted. The sufferer learned that when he followed these laws the outraged or vindictive Deity that had hitherto tortured him straightway lost all interest in his internal arrangements. So, through the upward drift of the centuries man came to know his digestive apparatus as a machine.

As humanity struggled ever toward higher civilization, the impact of science drove organ after organ out of the realm of a displeased Deity and into machine classification. Stomach and ears, teeth and eyes, heart and liver—all have been thrust into the jurisdiction of science.

One further step, however, man has been



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unwilling to take. Only now he is hesitating on the brink. Throughout the ages he has continued to regard his mind as a free agent, ungoverned by any law, responsible only to his God.

“My private judgment coincides with God’s; therefore let no man dispute me lest he be sacrilegious,” is a feeling quite as dominant in man’s nature to-day as it was five hundred years ago.

“Your private judgment,” the psychoanalyst insists, “is as much of a machine as your private stomach. It has developed through evolution with the remainder of your organs. It is governed by laws as irrefragable as those controlling your physical well-being.”

That is the parting of the ways at which mankind now stands, and each year sees him turning more definitely to the truth.

If the little boy, when he ran to greet his mother, had been smitten suddenly with cramps, she would instantly have assumed a scientific attitude of mind. The laws governing digestion would have been appealed to and the trouble discovered and remedied.

But because the lad’s mind machine had been disturbed instead of his stomach machine, he was “naughty.” He had offended against the divine will.

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Yet the impulse that lifted the stone, flung it, and broke the rooster's leg was as much the product of certain laws, working through a machine developed by the evolution of a billion years, as a stomach ache would have been.

It was not as though the little boy had conducted himself quite apart from the conduct of other children or quite free of the bias of some kind of influence—child conduct is too much alike to warrant such a conclusion. In fact, the resemblance is so striking that it seems as though the conduct of children would lead us to believe that it was the result of former common experiences. On the other hand, no child has yet hit upon twentieth-century conduct from the first, wherein no "bringing up" seems necessary. It appears to me that on rare occasions, at least, such a thing might have happened if child conduct came out of chaos. Apparently, at this period of mental exploitation, this quality of reasoning seems justifiable, at least until it can be disproved.

Out of the blackness of the beginning man's mind machine has developed, wheel by wheel, piston by piston, lever by lever, through the same endlessly patient, undeviating force that has brought up his body from a unicellular being to the tremen-

## THE MIND AS A MACHINE

dously complicated, delicate mechanism it is to-day.

By resorting to the quality of pragmatism, by searching for truth through the medium of hypotheses known to be theoretical, the psychoanalyst of to-day is striving to learn the construction of the mind machine and how it responds to the touch of this lever or the turning of that wheel.

For the most part, he must work back from the effect to the cause, even as the physician of earlier times learned of the nature of the human stomach, heart, and other organs from the external symptoms which their disorders caused, but with an added handicap. The ancient chirurgeon was able to examine the structure, shape, and texture of the organs that he pretended to be able to cure, through the process of dissection. The mind cannot be placed upon a laboratory table and be weighed, measured, and charted.

Hence the resort to pragmatism, even as the geometrician has turned to it. "A straight line is the shortest distance between two points," he says. "There is no such thing as a straight line," replies the physicist. Yet on this pragmatistical doctrine rests one of the great truths of mathematics.

So, in similar fashion, through pragmatism,

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the science of the mind is slowly evolving. Much is still to be learned. Powerful forces still hidden must be uncovered and charted, but on a rough framework of first principles the mind mechanic is struggling forward to a more certain understanding of the mind machine.

First, its evolution. Through the doctrine of evolution—also pure pragmatism—man has built up the law of unbroken, ever-advancing development from the first glimmer of primeval life to the present day.

From the protoplasmic cell, across unimaginable ages and through unnumbered forms, the trail has run. Along this tortuous way a million species, unfitted for continued life, have lain down to die, while man has driven triumphantly upward from the single cell that was his beginning to the present delicate engine of manifold impulses and countless desires.

With the tremendously patient development of the organs of his body—the eye machine, the lung machine, the stomach machine—has also progressed the evolution of the mind machine. Not for an instant, from the first faint stir of life a billion years ago, has the line been broken. Heir of all the ages is man, and from his mind machine

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to-day there stretches back an illimitable corridor reaching to the Beginning.

Let us divide this corridor into four sections, each representing a tremendous change in the construction of the mind machine—a forward step of enormous importance in the history of its evolution. Pragmatically, let us apply to these sections the arbitrary names given by science.

First, the Archaic; second, the Auto-Erotic; third, the Narcissistic; fourth, the Social.

Through the Archaic, the oldest and darkest age, the mind machine was stimulated, impelled to movement by purely external influences. "I am hungry," said the stomach, and the mind forced the organism in which it dwelt to fare forth to the hunt. "It is cold," the body shivered, and the mind drove it out into the sunshine.

From unicellular beginnings up to the higher apes, the immediate predecessors of man, the Archaic stage continued—the mind a machine that would not run unless "turned over" by some outside influence.

The Auto-Erotic marks, to carry out the gas-engine simile, the installation of a "self-starter" in the mind machine. Hitherto it has reacted only to external forces transmitted to it by the senses. Now there de-



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velops within its own mechanism an impulse that can wake it into activity and force it to send forth the body it inhabits, not to seek the necessities of life, but for self-gratification.

Hitherto the accomplishment of the sexual act has been brought about by the stimulation of the sense of smell, of sight, of touch, of hearing, which aroused the mind machine to activity and inspired the body to self-perpetuation. Now, in the darkness of his cave, or the tree in which he slumbers, the ape-man wakes and *thinks* for the first time.

There is no external stimulus here. Out of the mind itself is borne the desire for sex indulgence, and the body, stirred into activity by the call of the mind machine, seeks and finds. Until the thought sprang unbidden to the mind, there was no craving, no stimulus to rouse the emotion of the creature. For the first time the mind machine is complete master of the body, and the direction in which it leads is stamped on man's mental inheritance forever.

Here is born, far back in the twilight of man's mental growth, that tremendous motive power that through the centuries has led man up to the highest hilltops of exaltation or has sent him rooting and groveling in the muck and slime.

## THE MIND AS A MACHINE

The sex impulse stands always at man's elbow and is one of the greatest single forces in his mental life. Civilization has transmuted it into a thousand forms. Rarely does it appear now in the stark brutality in which it came to the hairy old ancestor of us all, crouched in his cave or clinging to his tree crotch. But, remember, under the veneer of our culture, it is still there in its stark primeval strength.

The Narcissistic state, so styled from the legend of Narcissis, the youth who fell in love with himself, follows. Here the mind, which first has done the bidding of the senses, and then has learned to command the body toward one great accomplishment, now learns to love the organism in which it dwells. "My beautiful self!" the mind machine whispers as it looks upon the body it inhabits.

Because of this love, it cares for the body more tenderly than it has in the rough days of the past. Because of this love, the mind machine begins to show consideration for the rights and feelings of others.

"Get out of the way!" the mind orders, jealous for the prestige of its beautiful body, and a blow is launched at the intruder. The intruder hits back and his blow hurts. Hereafter, for the sake of the body which it

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loves, the mind machine will see to it that the risk of similar injury is not repeated. The body it inhabits will step aside and let the intruder pass. Thus the foundation of society is laid.

The Social is another great step forward. Here man is no longer Narcissistic, loving himself for his own beauty and goodness. His mind has expanded. He is still inspired to the same kind of effort which he inherited from his Archaic and Auto-Erotic periods, but no longer entirely selfish in its objective. He has found that to take care of his beautiful, Narcissistic self he must give his fellow man considerable care lest he—the primal thing of all—be injured. It makes him content to be a unit in the march of progress, while in so being he may make life better and sweeter for his associates as well as for himself.

On the threshold of this final stage man stands to-day. Just behind him is the Narcissistic stage from which he has not emerged. Farther back, the corridor stretches through the Auto-Erotic, back into the murk of the Archaic. What is it that has brought him along this painful and weary road? What is the leaven that has lifted him through the passage of the ages from the single cell, that was his beginning, to the creature he is to-day?



## II

### “I WANT” AND “TO BE GREAT”

SCIENCE has determined that minute cells of protoplasm, the lowest form of animal life, attract one another with a rapidity that is inversely as the square of the distance separating them. Elemental life, therefore, has its elemental longing and the faint foreshadowing of a mind machine.

What is this foreshadowing? A desire, a longing to meet, to cling together. Thus the infinitesimal mind of the earliest of creatures held the same impulse that dominates the mind machine of modern man—the basic biologic law of desire. As the body mechanism becomes more complicated by additions to the cellular content, desires also increase in number and form. Whereas the unicellular creature cried, “I want!” with a single faint voice, the mammal now shouts it in a thousand and one ways.

“I want!” and its opposite, “I don’t want!” are the two demands that dominate the animal world. As his sole moving

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force, they also dominated man in his development up to the end of the Archaic stage.

The cry, "I want!" has its source in the five senses. Their demands have to be gratified and the reaction of the body to those demands has resulted, through evolution, in the storing up of a hereditary wisdom which we speak of as "instinctive desire."

The chick, on emerging from its shell, scratches for a living. The babe at birth turns naturally to suckling. Neither of these choices is based on personal experience. Neither are they a matter of experiment. Both the chick and the babe turn instinctively to that kind of nourishment which they require.

Doctor Cannon's famous experiment has demonstrated the force, both mental and physical, which has been exerted by the experience stored away in the bodily tissues during long ages of development.

A kitten which had been reared so carefully that it had never known pain, injury, or fear was tied just out of reach of a vicious dog. The little creature had never seen a dog before. Yet specimens of its blood taken before and after its experience showed that during the time it faced the snarling, barking animal, large quantities of a secretion

## “I WANT” AND “TO BE GREAT”

from the adrenal gland had been poured into the kitten's veins.

Remember, there was nothing in the kitten's immediate experience to have made it acquainted with fear or a sense of approaching evil. Yet, under the stimulus of a spectacle it had never consciously seen before, the body responded to instinctive alarm. Immediately it drew upon its hereditary wisdom and prepared to combat the danger that threatened. The adrenal, poured into the blood, dilated the pupils of the eyes, giving a wider field of vision against flank attack, contracted the muscles of the body for the anticipated blow, bared the claws and the teeth for active defense, and by the same token gave a greater coagulability to the blood to fend against lacerations which otherwise might turn into fatal hemorrhage.

Thus, in the face of conditions wholly unknown to the conscious mind, the body reacts to an age-old experience stored up within itself, not alone in the brain—that single organ contained within the cranium—but scattered throughout the body in organs, sheathings, and in shape itself.

When the five senses of the beast are satisfied, when he has seen and eaten and drunk and smelled and felt enough, he lies down and sleeps. He has no further desire; no

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"I want!" troubles him. So he slumbers until his mind machine, "cranked up" by one of his hungry senses, cries, "I want!" again.

And here we come upon the crossroads where the mind of man turns aside from that of the beast and struggles on uphill toward an ideal.

Man, when his senses are satisfied, does not stop. He goes on acquiring experience and storing it away in a mental savings bank against the time when he will need it. What is that impulse that lifts him above the level of the satiated and sleeping animal?

Freud has said that it is the desire To Be Great. This he submits is the great mind quality that distinguishes the human from the brute. Its force, united with the five senses in endless complexity, is the power that drives man's mind machine.

This is the burden that man picked up at the parting of the ways when he went on and the beast remained behind. In the great variety of its combination with the five senses of the brutish mind, the psycho-mechanic finds, pragmatically, the motor force which lies behind all conscious or reasoning action.

To Be Great is a purely mental hunger that man alone possesses—a great fighter, a great pacifist, a great philanthropist, a great

## *“I WANT” AND “TO BE GREAT”*

villain, a great writer, a great fool, a great moralist, a great voluptuary, a great property owner, a great thief, even, but always a great something. It is a mental driving force, quite as demanding as the five physical senses, but, unlike them, requires a mental gratification.

Do we demand food? It is all about us. Water? It bubbles from every crack and cranny of the globe. Sight? Odor? Sound? Nature provides them with prodigal hand. At the cry of each of the senses, “I want!” she holds up the cup of repletion. But to the desire To Be Great man must find satisfaction through his own works.

And he must find it. He cannot safely starve this appetite any more than he can the appetites which he shares with the lower animals. His effort to find the food on which the To-Be-Great desire longs to feed and the effect of either gratification or disappointment explain his varying moods as clearly as his color and weight bespeak his success or failure in supplying the wants of his body.

Once the five physical senses have been gratified, all physical, all human action, turn instinctively to the To-Be-Great drive, which is no less intolerant in its demands than the physical appetites.



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No human is so low, so depraved, so humble, or, on the other hand, so great, so allied with Deity or miracle, that this desire or appetite has been overwhelmed.

“Oh, it’s miserable I am with the pain in my head,” I overheard a man in my clinic remark to another waiting patient.

“Huh!” replied the other. “Now, if ye had the pain in your head I have in me knee—”

To Be Great!

Love, service, education, sacrifice are some of the more legitimate foods on which the desire flourishes. In addition to these there are mental “quick lunches” ready at the hand of the starving ego—fantasies, lies, exaggerations, alcohol, morphine, blows, and a gift to belittle. Ash-barrel foods these may be, but they serve as a provision to forestall the effects of the utter starvation which leads to crime, insanity, death.

An old and valued patient visited me to lay bare a family difficulty that was fast getting the better of his control. This is a very common situation—the fact of there being something within oneself which supersedes logic and the reasoning mind; a basic hunger, for the want of a particular food, putting out of gear the whole mechanism itself.

My patient had been getting pale and thin,

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morose and uncongenial, though no physical trouble could be found. In a burst of confidence he said that his wife was constantly “picking on” him. She found fault, he said, with everything immediately upon his arrival at home after a hard day’s work.

Under questioning, he said that it was not every night that she displayed this captious spirit. Some evenings, he admitted, she was all any man could desire as an agreeable companion.

I told him that I believed that his wife was suffering from starvation of the To-Be-Great desire; that in proportion to her starvation which arose from her failure to succeed that day she fell avidly upon the “quick-lunch” variety of psychic foods, chiefly upon the gift to belittle. Through minimizing all her husband did, she thus satisfied her longing To Be Great.

My suggestion was that my patient see to it that hereafter his wife was well fed psychically, that when he saw the clear signs of starvation of the To-Be-Great desire appearing he give her appreciation, recognition, encouragement, praise.

I told him that by his ability to do this he would remedy her impoverished condition and bring her back to normal again. At the same time—though I did not tell him this—

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he would be providing, through affording mental food for his wife, similar sustenance for himself. For through his unconscious confession to me it was plain that he, too, was starving. Because of his wife's irascibility he was being denied the same sort of food, the lack of which was the cause of her querulousness.

Two days later his wife came to me with the same story, except that the grievances were reversed. Her husband, she complained, came home at night sour-visaged, full of complaints and intolerable orders.

Again the question, "Every evening?"

"Oh no! Not every evening. Sometimes he is all that can be desired in agreeable companionship."

Almost identical with the reply her husband had made to a similar query! Her symptoms were the same as his—starvation of the To-Be-Great desire. My advice to her coincided with the remedy I had proposed to him.

"Feed him," I said; "show him appreciation of his struggle; show that you recognize his difficulties; encourage and interest him, and do it quickly and efficiently so that he may not have to subsist on the husks served at the quick-lunch counter of psychic life."



## “I WANT” AND “TO BE GREAT”

“Doctor,” said my friend several weeks later, “it works! It certainly works! It’s raw stuff, for each knows the other is doing it and why it is being done, but it works!”

“Each night when I return home she meets me at the door and rushes into my arms. I call her ‘a beautiful creature’ and she says I’m a ‘wonderful man’! Raw! Awful raw! But it works.”

Man of to-day is Adam of continuous growth. He is the heir, in a direct, undeviating line, to the impulse, desires, knowledge that have accompanied him in his upward climb from First Things. Spurred on by the To-Be-Great desire, he has become civilized. Thwart this but for a few minutes, let him become famished for it, and he flees from the terrible present down the corridor that stretches behind him.

The little boy of the last chapter desired To Be Great in the eyes of his mother. He longed for caresses and words of endearment. For an instant his desire was blocked. The present became unendurable and instantly his mind machine sped down the corridor of the past millions of years and—flash!—he was a savage of the Archaic period, bringing down his game with his good right arm.

A child has offended against some law of the household. His mother orders him to go

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in the closet and "do nothing," as punishment. Do nothing! One might as well attempt to hold a vacuum in his two hands. There is no such thing as "nothing"! There in the darkness of the closet the present becomes at once unendurable. The child turns to the corridor of the past and retraces his steps through a million years. First in the order of retrogression he encounters his Auto-Erotic period. What trails are unfolded of that period of self-indulgence! He degenerates, temporarily or permanently, according to the strength of whatever To-Be-Great desire may try to thrust him back.

The morphine fiend, the confirmed alcoholic, the degenerate cannot stand the weariness of the present. Blocked in their desire To Be Great, they erase the present by means of drink, narcotics, or self-indulgence, and seek for the food denied them in the year 1920 in some undated period perpetuated in the life cells of their forbears down to the present day.

"The present is unendurable and the past is good!" is the cry of the degenerate, who, instead of following his To-Be-Great longing even in the face of obstacles, prefers to expend it on the easy descent into the corridor of the past.

These, then, are the pragmatic principles

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broadly sketched upon which the psycho-mechanic proceeds in readjusting the cogs and cams and pistons of the mind machine that is missing or back-firing or steering badly.

The chapters that follow deal with the theory and the practice of retuning the mind machine. Most of the stories I tell have come under my personal observation. A few are vouched for by near and trusted associates. The usual procedure of story-telling is reversed. The climax is presented first, but the theme of the story retraced back to the clamor of “I want!” and “To Be Great!” and perhaps far down the corridor through which we have all marched upward from darkness to the light.

### III

#### FROM ARCHAIC TO SOCIAL

THE new-born baby, still in the physician's hands, lifts up its voice in a feeble, wailing cry. Except to the exhausted woman who has borne him and the anxious man from whom he has sprung, it is a far from impressive sound—only a weak caterwaul, rising in protest against the world in general as it affects its newest citizen.

Yet a tremendous thing has taken place. The mind of a new man has spoken for the first time.

Down through the immemorial past the little body has come, through the million forms that stretch back to the tiny globule of protoplasm which was his beginning. All these æons hereditary experience has been packed away in forbear after forbear, so that this little ultimate son may, through their suffering, be a little better fitted to cope with life.

And now, after the nine months of gestation, during which the embryo in its develop-

## FROM ARCHAIC TO SOCIAL

ment has spanned with amazing swiftness the bridge that stretched from the protozoa to the human, across the flow of a billion years, the child is born. At once a new mind springs also into life. By the wail that the baby gives another voice is added to the chorus that has come swelling down the ages ever since life began.

“I want!” the new man shouts to the universe. “I don’t want!”

“I want warmth and food and quiet. I don’t want the rush of air into my lungs, the tremendous experience of first awakening. I want! I don’t want!”

The mind has started. Death alone can stop it. From now on for scores of years that same cry will go resounding through the corners of the world from the new body which the new ego is destined to inhabit.

Man’s first cry sounds the keynotes of the whole course of his existence and forms the basis of the framework upon which all of his future mental processes are to be hung. A little later a second desire To Be Great will arise inside him, which will determine the exterior covering of that framework.

Still holding to pragmatic reasoning as the sextant which, whether true or false, will enable him to travel these newly discovered seas of the mind, the psychologist has divided



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the human adult mind machine into three distinct parts.

First, the unconscious—to carry out the machine simile, the boiler of the apparatus where the power is generated. Second, the foreconscious—the transmission that carries the steam to the moving parts of the machine. Third, the conscious—the pistons and cams and wheels of the machine itself which move and do, with power from the foreconscious transmitted by it from the unconscious.

Remember, the mind of man to-day is as much a product of the first impulse of the senses, stirring in unicellular animals, as the mogul locomotive is the direct descendant of Watt's steaming teakettle. The steam machine and the mind machine are the product of an unbroken chain of evolution.

What was the beginning? What was the teakettle from which evolved the delicate, complicated mind machine that psychomechanics are striving to understand?

The senses—touch, taste, sight, smell, and hearing—they were at the beginning. They served man's primeval ancestor for a mind and remain to-day the basis, the prime moving force of his mind machine.

The baby is born, after the gestation period, to all intents and purposes a new graduate of the Archaic. There is little in

## FROM ARCHAIC TO SOCIAL

his early action to distinguish him and his mind machine from the kitten or the puppy. All three have the impulse of the five senses—the unconscious mind. Through them and their hereditary experience the foreconscious also cries: “I want! I don’t want!”

The baby, the kitten, and the puppy stand at the parting of the ways. The great change is now to take place and the baby is to turn toward that pathway that leads him up and away from the brute. The kitten and the puppy will travel the other road, prompted and governed only by the unconscious and foreconscious mind.

“I want! I don’t want!”—the earth cry—will be the greatest effort of their mind machines. They stand at birth in the Archaic. In the Archaic they will remain.

But the infant goes upward. At his feet is the threshold of the Narcissistic period and in a few months after birth he surges across this threshold with the battle cry of humanity, “To Be Great!” and has turned his back forever upon the beast from which he evolved.

So the conscious mind is born, and the first baby statement, “My doll is bigger than yours,” “My father is stronger than yours,” is the sign of its awakening.

First of all the unconscious mind—the foundation upon which all mental processes

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rest, then the foreconscious with its earth cry, and finally the desire To Be Great which keeps man at work long after the "I want!" part of his mind has been satisfied, storing away material that he can use to build himself success.

The baby's first cry, in addition to the desire To Be Great, is the formula upon which rests the sum of all human expression.

But it must be remembered that the "I want!" cry is the basic drive. Until it is satisfied, until the senses have been satiated, the tether that holds man is no longer than that which binds the beast. Only through pacifying "I want!" can the To-Be-Great assume direction of our actions.

These, then, are the mechanical principles upon which the psychologist says pragmatically that the mind machine has been constructed. The machine awakens and stirs the instant the child is born. From then on it continues to move while life exists, driving the human it inhabits up from the darkness of the Archaic in which he still stands at birth to, perhaps, the height of the Social stage.

The mind emerges tethered to a body which it has dragged up through the ages from the lowest form of life to humanity. For a time the shadow of the Archaic from



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which it is struggling still hangs over the little human.

At birth a series of tremendous events takes place for the baby. The five senses and the voice suddenly come into power. Some one has diagramed this condition, picturing the infant as the hub of a six-spoked wheel. Rushing down these spokes toward the hub are sensations—sight, touch, taste, hearing, smell, and the voice. Through the first five the child understands the outer world. Through the sixth—the voice—he announces to the world his approval or disapproval.

As yet, the conscious mind is at only the first glimmer of dawn, and therefore the fore-conscious, with its age-old experience, dominates the child. Through the voice the knowledge won through the ages of evolution speaks, shouting, "I want!" or, "I don't want!" as the five senses submit shipment after shipment for the child's approval.

Touch the child with a bit of ice and straightway the body shrinks away and the voice is raised in protest. Cover it too warmly and it will thrash and kick against the blankets and thereby announce its discomfort.

In its own brief experience the child has not taught itself that the best way to avoid discomfort from the touch of ice is to draw

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away. Neither has its conscious mind discovered that kicking off covers will bring relief from oppressive warmth. Yet within the child, on the threshold of the Narcissistic period, sits the grim creature of the fore-conscious mind, wise with the knowledge of a thousand successive generations and guiding the child by that wisdom, rewarding obedience to the law, punishing disobedience, protecting when it may, but ruthlessly destroying when the offense has been too heavy.

The child at this stage is a co-operative protective organization with the fore-conscious mind as a central directing office. Here are stored the proven experiences of thousands of years and by their laws the conduct of the child is directed.

Later, when the conscious mind comes into control, the old inhabitant of that central office (the unconscious mind) is not displaced. All through life his unceasing cry of, "I want! I don't want!" is dinned into our ears. Again and again, even among the most highly civilized people and particularly when their conscious mind has plunged them into error, the unconscious mind rushes back to the throttle of the mind machine, pushes aside the conscious mind, and forces the mechanism to do its will.

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I stood in a saloon late one night where a dozen men were leaning idly against the bar. Presently a blond lad, evidently a German, came through the swinging doors, lugging a sack filled with something. He placed it carefully on the floor and ordered a glass of beer.

One man looked at the sack and then nudged his neighbor excitedly. The thing had moved! Others had their attention drawn to it and presently one of them spoke.

“Watcha got in the sack, buddy? A dog?”

“No,” drawled its owner. “Snakes! Want to see ‘em?”

Snakes. There was no definite reply to the query—only the noise of hurrying feet and the slap-slap of the swinging doors as man after man hurled himself out into the night. It is probable that some of the fugitives had never seen a snake. It is certain that their conscious minds had given them no definite picture of what might happen if the German opened his sack.

What really took place in each of them was that the conscious mind was half asleep at the throttle, drugged with alcohol and stifled with idleness. The word “snakes” had aroused the grim old inhabitant of the foreconscious central office, and he had

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charge of the situation in a flash. Therefore the men ran, as their ancestors in the dark Archaic times ran.

Through his five senses the child first awakens to life. He can therefore feel nothing but himself. It is not the sunlight that gives him pleasure, but his own body that receives the warmth. He does not attribute the tinkling of a bell to that instrument, but to his own ears. There is nothing in the world of reality for him but his own sensations.

Hence he emerges from the last frontier of the Archaic into the Narcissistic through love of his own beautiful self. His is not the thought of service to the world or sacrifice for some one else. He lives for himself and does everything in his power to give himself a comfortable and happy time.

Here begins the domination of his conscious mind, collecting the results of experiments pleasant and disastrous, devising always fresh means of gratifying this self-love. Soon this love is affected by the desire To Be Great—to be great so that his own beautiful self may win admiration or love or applause. To himself the child is now the greatest thing in the world and he will go to almost any lengths to keep himself converted to this theory.

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Joe and I were sent to dancing school, a loathsome ordeal inflicted upon me by stern parents. I went because I had to, and Joe because we never went anywhere separately when we could possibly avoid it. Joe and I were chums—the David and Jonathan in a group of kindred souls. Each found in the other the gratification of the Narcissistic desire To Be Great. The chief reason for my admiration of Joe was his ability to stand on his head long after the normal human would have succumbed to apoplexy. And Joe looked up to me because I could squirt water through my teeth farther than anyone else in our neighborhood.

Trussed up and beribboned in equal splendor, we went to the dancing school. Joe had difficulty in breathing; so had I. Mutual suffering standardized the matter to ordinary reality and we set forth with little complaint.

We arrived late the first day and were placed upon chairs against one side of the room, where we remained seated through a long lesson while mutiny smoldered in our bosom. The lesson concluded with an exhibition waltz by a dozen "young smarties," to the delight of their fond mothers and the hot resentment of Joe and me.

Resentment turned to scorn and scorn to jealousy while the waltz tinkled on and



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we fidgeted in our chairs. In Joe's and my ears the Narcissistic was whispering hotly. Some one else was getting applause while our beautiful selves were wholly neglected.

The waltz ended in a patter of handclapping. I nudged Joe and Joe nudged me. We had made no plan, but our minds traveled the same road and we knew.

"Go on, Joe. Show 'em! By golly! if I had a mouthful of water, I would!"

Little Joe slid off his chair and swaggered to the center of the room. There without pomp or ceremony he put his little bullet head to the floor and hoisted his sturdy legs in the air. Applause? We drank our fill of it then, for Joe just stayed there. His face turned purple, but he never wavered. If my mother had not rushed upon him and set him right side up he would probably be there yet.

That is the basic drive of the Narcissistic. In varied form it is repeated, over and over, through the life of every human. In the case of the child—often the man, if his mind fails to cross the Narcissistic border—action is inspired only to obtain admiration or Narcissistic satisfaction. The mechanism of things, their service in procuring the bodily necessities of life, their value to the herd, have no place whatever in the Narcissistic mind.

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Joe may have been spanked for injecting a rowdy note into the æsthetic confines of the dancing class—I do not remember if he was—but if his self-inversion reaped that reward it is probable that he did not repeat the exhibition.

The next time he felt impelled to advertise his beautiful self by standing on his head the recollection of the vengeance the world had taken upon him following an earlier similar attempt would probably have deterred him. In other words, through his Narcissistic impulse and its painful result, Joe would have drawn nearer the Social stage—at present the highest development of the mind machine. He would have suppressed his desire to be great for his beautiful self's sake because experience told him that the herd would punish that form of self-exploitation.

A bully swaggers along the sidewalk, gratifying his desire To Be Great by pushing weaker persons off into the gutter. Sooner or later he meets some one with an equally strong hunger for greatness. This person resents the insult, and this resentment, purely Narcissistic, impels him to knock the bully down. Picking himself up, the assaulted one goes his way meekly and decorously.

Through the clash of Narcissistic de-



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sires he has been hurled, temporarily at least, into the Social stage. He shows regard for the feelings of the herd by pushing no more of its members off the sidewalk.

My first day of school found me as ardent and complete a Narcissist as ever existed. Accordingly, when at recess I was turned out into the yard with a hundred other boys the To-Be-Great hunger demanded immediate gratification. I began at once to lacerate the feelings of the herd by as objectionable a series of self-advertisements as my Narcissistic mind could devise.

I ran; I shouted; I pommeled boys; I pushed them over; I intruded upon games with the avowed purpose of breaking them up, and at length destiny led me to a circle of boys squatting about a marble ring.

One of them was crouching, about to shoot, and my "ego drive" shouted that it would be a splendid thing to leapfrog over his back. I misjudged distance and my own strength and tumbled over the boy into the marble ring.

In the debacle I scraped my knee so that the bleeding skin showed through my stocking. At home, where self-advertisement in this violent form was not needed, I should probably have wailed aloud. By now the chagrin at my leapfrog failure was

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swallowed up in a new desire To Be Great. I would not cry! In this way I would call the attention of all beholders to the stalwart qualities of my beautiful self.

I laughed raucously and scornfully and immediately there fell upon me the unheard-of thing! I was punched! I was kicked! My eye, my nose, my ringing ears sent forth frantic cries of, "I don't want," which completely obliterated the earlier protest of my injured knee. Finally the punishment administered by the other outraged Narcissists ceased and a dazed and bitterly sobbing small boy was allowed to stagger from the tumult.

Yet despite the confused clamor of all the injured feelings of my Narcissistic self a new idea had been brought home to my mind machine. For the first time in my life I had collided with the Social stage. It dawned upon me that the feelings of others must sometimes be regarded so that my own precious feelings should not be ravished.

The dusty, bedraggled small boy had been thrown by an explosion of his own devising up from Narcissism to the borders at least of the Social. In the few brief years since his birth he had traveled upward, through the urge of mind, from the shadow of the Archaic in which he was born to the lower

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level of the highest stratum which man has yet attained in his struggle upward from darkness to light.

The laws of the mind, like the laws that govern everything in this world, are, as we have seen, of biologic growth. Nature has guided our hands in the framing of them and uses our fellows to scourge us when we offend against them.

It is the purpose of the psychoanalyst to become skilled in the law of the mind machine. It is his hope to become so expert in his chosen profession that he may give those whose minds are "sick" the same comfort and help which the stomach specialist can offer to him who has offended against the laws of gastronomy.

Not only the scientist, but the average man as well, may become no mean mind mechanic if he will give to that delicate and complex engine as much thought as he bestows, if he is wise, on that more material mechanism, his stomach.

## IV

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THROUGH years of research, coupled with pragmatic reasoning, science has established what it holds to be at least a working conception of the evolution and present construction of the human mind. By simile and metaphor, it has translated that abstract thing into concrete terms, which we have already named a threefold mechanism—unconscious, foreconscious, and conscious—each part with a definite and un-deviating function ascribed to it, yet each drawing its basic force from its predecessor.

Pragmatically we have traced its evolution according to the laws of biology which scientific pragmatism must regard. All life, all nature, is subject to these laws of certain, gradual, logical development. So is speech. So must be the growth of the human intellect.

Thus science has designed and built for the purpose of further research and instruction a theoretical model of the perfect mind machine.

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“This mechanism,” it says, “is what the mind of man should be. It will react to stimuli and sudden impulses as the mind of man should act under similar conditions.”

But the mind of no one man fills all the specifications or performs identically the actions of the model mind machine. There are wide divergencies. The world has come to speak of the manifestation of these divergencies as Personality and Character.

The mind of any human is not the smooth-running sure machine that science has established as the ideal. Man's mind machine varies in the individual as much as it does in the features. Yet it may be stated that it acts in conformity with its basic mechanism, varying only when it is much affected by the vicissitudes of life.

The minds of John Jones and Henry Smith are constructed on the same principle as the typical mind machine of scientific theory. They have the same divisions; they respond to the same impulses. But in operation the mind machine of John Jones grinds and hesitates and at times even misses fire, while Henry Smith's mental mechanism works smoothly and efficiently and under certain conditions and stimuli attains a speed beyond even that of the typical machine.

In other words, the characters of Jones



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and Smith are as unlike as their faces. Jones, with his halting, inefficient mind machine, is what the world stigmatizes as "deficient." Smith, with his above-normal mind, may be what the world calls a genius.

It is probable that the world will do honor to Smith and injustice to Jones, since it is accustomed to take into account not causes but results; not the root and the soil in which it flourishes, but the blossom it bears.

Yet the pathetic part of it is that Smith is little more responsible for his greatness than Jones is for his inability. Each came into the world with unconscious and fore-conscious minds—two thirds of the entire mind machine—already constructed by the hands of the centuries. It is not Jones's fault that the mechanics who constructed his conscious mind were of a less enlightened type than those who worked upon Smith's machine. In each was born and flourished the hunger To Be Great, but with this difference: one man lived in an environment that contributed bountifully to his desire To Be Great; the other in an environment which contributed practically nothing that is approved by Society. The desire To Be Great worked hand in hand with the fore-conscious question, "How to be great?" and the result obtained by these two forces in

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co-operation resulted in the characters of Henry Smith, perhaps the respected leader of men, and of John Jones, perhaps the gunman or vagabond.

All through the life of every human the conscious mind impelled by the desire To Be Great—shot from the foreconscious mind—is standing at the throttle and steering wheel of the mind machine, guiding that mechanism, efficient or inefficient, as the case may be, toward gratification of that desire.

Through experience, the conscious mind works to that end. It learns that by certain mental and physical actions it can pacify the eternal hunger for success, and these actions eventually become crystallized into formulas on which man bases his conscious existence.

One conscious mind wakes into activity in the slums. It assumes control of a mind machine badly assembled through generations of ignorance and low-grade ancestry—a machine that travels better down hill than up. The foreconscious mind with the craving To Be Great drives the conscious mind toward the satisfaction of that desire. Presently it finds what it believes to be the certain road toward the satisfaction of that hunger. The man may become a gang leader, a trafficker in women, a bouncer, a saloonkeeper.



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Another mind is born, embodied in the offspring of intelligent, cultured parents. Its inheritance is clean and fine. Its environment is certain to bring out what is best in the newcomer. An entirely different desire for greatness from that cherished by the slum dweller comes into being. Other formulas of procedure are laid down. The child becomes a lawyer, a teacher, a philosopher.

I remember as a boy going into the hayloft and reaching up under the eaves, where I kept my secret treasury of marbles, to discover that they had disappeared. As I groped round desperately a picture of Bill Williams flashed into my mind—Bill, who had recently contracted a habit, a nervous trick, of reaching up high above his head with his left hand.

I slid down the ladder from the loft, sought out Bill, and, finding him, as I expected, playing marbles, fell upon him and smote him hip and thigh. Then I confiscated his marbles. Bill made no protest further than to beg for two "alleys," and I finally gave him one.

Later, when adolescence and the increased desire To Be Great ruptured the gang of small boys, Bill turned his investigating mind to a study of alcohol, with the usual result of such investigation. That phase of

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his career became so typical and uninteresting that I lost sight of him for years.

The next time I heard of Bill he was working on a run-down paper in a Western town for \$8 a week, but with a contingent fee of \$2,000 to be paid to him at the end of ninety days, provided that he succeeded in starting a riot in the town within that period. The effect upon the paper's circulation, should Bill succeed, was obvious.

At the end of sixty days the contracted-for riot was so close to happening that the proprietor of the paper became frightened and succeeded in breaking his contract with Bill for \$500. Bill was not unwilling to withdraw, for he had not had a drink for two months.

Experience had taught him that by starting trouble he could gratify his hunger for his special type of greatness. He had discovered and correlated those human compulsion materials which produce fights and riots. Upon these he had built his formulas of existence. He stirred up a fight with me, and he got an "alley" out of it. He prodded the population of a Western town into battle fury and got \$500. Unusual experience had coupled up with Bill's desire To Be Great and had formed Bill's personality.

So in each one of us the inherited machine

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—the unconscious and foreconscious mind—co-operates only with the conscious to get what man needs for existence during his immediate tenure of office. Nothing that man says, nothing that he concludes or does, can be for any purpose, basically, but the dominant one of self-gratification—that is, life with prolongation—presided over by the unconscious mind—and the hunger To Be Great—presided over by the foreconscious mind. They are the only motivating forces in his existence.

Words that he speaks, conclusions that he makes, may be intrinsically false at a twentieth-century level, but as long as the To-Be-Great desire remains unleashed and the physical appetite ungratified they express infallibly his own desires, his necessities.

“That is not true,” a physician said to me, passionately, when I advanced this theory in his presence. “Doctor, my wife is ill. She has a carcinoma”—a particularly violent form of cancer—“in her breast. I have diagnosed her case. She cannot live more than a year. I know that. I say it. They are words! It is conclusive. Yet God knows it is not what I desire.”

“Friend,” I said, “if you will bear with me, if you will look at this psychologically and believe that it is the scientific and not

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the personal element of which I speak, I will explain to you your mental mechanism and your unconscious wish. You say your wife is dying of cancer of the breast. You say that is not what you desire. I tell you it is! Who diagnosed her condition as cancerous? You. Who has refused to allow the element of error to intrude upon his diagnosis? You. Who has declined to consider mistake as possible and has disregarded the strange things that the future may bring? You. In this diagnosis you have regarded yourself as infallible. So strong is your hunger To Be Great as a diagnostician, so great is your desire to believe yourself absolute in your knowledge that you prefer to believe in yourself at the expense of your wife's life. As a result you have already killed her in your own mind. She lies already buried, slain by your complex To Be Great, by your own egotism. She waits in her room your coming, a living corpse, and faces each day her widowed husband, because you cannot do otherwise than believe what you pre-eminently and mechanistically desire!"

Five years have passed and she is in good health.

Which was right?

So, with its goal always the gratification

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of the infinitely complexed "I-want" and "To-Be-Great" desires, man's mind machine drives him ahead through life, slowly and blunderingly or swiftly and surely, according to the power and efficiency latent in the engine itself.

The time is coming when the owner of a mind machine that is not running properly will take it to a psychoanalyst—a mind-engine mechanic—for overhauling and repair, as naturally as to-day he takes his automobile to a garage or his deranged stomach to a specialist.

So far we have looked upon the mind of man as something wholly distinct and apart from the body it inhabits. Our picture of the mind machine is a mechanism prompting and driving our physical being, but almost entirely independent of it. This is not a true picture.

Up through the ages the mind and body have come together; they have developed side by side and during this interminable association have become interlaced and commingled inextricably. In fact, it has been through concrete diseases of the body that the investigator has stumbled upon many of the carefully hidden secrets of the mind machine.

Certain diseases of the brain and the



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spinal cord, it was discovered long since, will destroy the functions of an organ, quite as readily as will amputation, and also the reverse. The destruction of a functioning organ will destroy tracts and centers in the nervous system. From these facts it was possible for science to locate the tracts in man's nervous system that govern the various parts of his body. From this the next step was quite natural. Failure of various parts of the body to react normally was found to augur injury to the nervous tract governing it.

In other words, a broken mind machine was found to react invariably upon the physical body it inhabited as surely as a broken body had reacted since the beginning upon the mind machine.

Binet, the great psychologist, who made an exhaustive study of the phenomena of the mind during the Narcissistic period, advanced the quest a great stride farther. Through observance of and experiment with children he evolved the following:

Each of the five great highways upon which all impressions of the outside world are brought to the child—the five senses—must be kept smooth and traffic must be regulated, else congestion and faulty delivery will inevitably result, and the child will be debarred from a full appreciation of this particular

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sense. Not this alone. By the clogging of one of the highways of the senses it was found that the other four roads were also partially blocked and the child was excluded somewhat from all fields of reality.

Thrust a pin into a child who has a sore finger or a rash that itches intolerably. Immediately the pain of the metal in his flesh rushes into his mind, upsetting orderly traffic on the highway of touch and checking all other delivery. The child knows that he is being hurt by a pin and screams. The brutal drive along the road of his touch sense has completely shut off from him the ache of the sore finger, the itch of the rash. The agony of the pin is all that he feels.

And in the transport of protest against this outrage the other four sense highways also become partially clogged. While suffering intense pain one can have no appreciation of a picture, cannot read with any intelligence, cannot listen with delight to music or speech, cannot take real joy in food set before him. The violence done his sense of touch has not only upset its own road, but has also partially congested all other roads of consciousness.

The researchers in psychologic work have named this injury which will block the free flow of information through a physical sense yet will not damage its vital integrity, a Somatic injury.

Binet, in his study of individual leakages and faults in the human mind machine, with their accompanying bodily effect, presently made a still broader and more significant discovery. He was dealing with a mechanism as much the product of evolu-



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tion as the body of man itself. There could be no doubt that certain diseases of the body, certain violence committed upon it, left ineradicable traces upon that body's descendants generations afterward. Why, then, should defects of the mind machine which had previously been damaged be manifested in that human body which the mind inhabited ages afterward?

Deficiency, Binet determined, was neither the will of God nor the result, always, of some injury sustained in the immediate lifetime of the deficient child.

# "I find thousands of children," said Binet, "unable to do those very things required of co-ordination and reciprocal muscular action, that experiment and investigation have proved must be due to injury or disease. Yet these very children have neither physical mark of injury nor trace of disease upon them. The answer is as Binet puts it:

There are thousands of otherwise splendid children whose sense highways are wholly or partially blocked because they were injured from two to two thousand years before they were born.

Tom Wooley was a member of my gang. He was an amusing companion always and a good partner in all of our games except "Duck on the Rock." At this Tom was a

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lamentable failure. He was never chosen, but always fell to the lot of that unfortunate side which got the "left-over." For he could not throw a stone. So imperfect was his muscular co-ordination that he could not release the missile at what is called the psychological moment.

The only safe thing near Tom when he was throwing the stone was the "duck on the rock." But it almost seemed in atonement that Nature had given Tom compensation in the shape of an uncanny gift in winning the love and obedience of animals. Dogs, cats, chickens—all the members of the brute kingdom—worshiped him, and seemed to devote their little minds to fulfilling his desires.

He had a rooster who used to follow him about with doglike devotion. When Tom told the bird to crow he would not only obey, but at command would modulate his voice. I can see the old bird now, wings to his side, trembling in his endeavor to produce a parlor variety of crow.

As Tom grew older he was apprenticed to the village plumber, with disastrous results to employer and apprentice. Tom was always burning himself with hot lead or destroying valuable property with his poor, awkward hands. Then he became a carpenter's helper, with as unhappy results.

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He was always falling off scaffoldings or dropping tools on his long-suffering fellow workmen.

I do not know how many other crafts were afflicted with Tom before his relatives despaired of making anything of him, and said that he amounted to nothing and turned him loose. It was a comparatively short time before he drifted to the scrap heap. From an awkward, unhappy lad he became a corner loiterer and later the village bum, with mongrel dogs and outlawed cats as the only things in the world that understood him.

Yet to-day I never see an animal trainer at a circus or a stock farm that I do not say to myself, "If Tom Wooley had had your chance he would have made you look like thirty cents."

If Binet had known Tom he would have been the salvation of the lad and would have turned him into a real factor for world betterment instead of a clumsy-fingered vagabond. Through a series of tests he devised he would have sifted and sorted the mind of Tom Wooley and would have returned an analysis something like this:

The mind machine of Tom Wooley is deficient in sensing time. He is as deficient in ability to appreciate the definite order

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necessary for constructive effort as he is in knowing when to let go of the stone he attempts to throw. On the other hand, the mind machine of Tom Wooley is keenly alive to situations beyond the grasp of the average mental mechanism. Through the same inheritance that makes him unable to co-ordinate physically he has obtained a gift rare among men.

The lad should be taken out of his present environment, the inhabitants of which expect from him the same sense of time and orderliness of procedure that they possess. He should be placed where his wonderful gift of fathoming the minds of the lower animals will make him famous and respected.

The leakages and losses of Tom's mind machine reacted directly upon his body. Because his mental mechanism was unable to grasp the passage of time or the law of orderly development he was "awkward and clumsy" to all his friends, who knew nothing of the fact that his body only mirrored the condition of his brain.

## V

### THE DRIVE FOR GREATNESS—I

**A** RISING tide comes in across the sand. With the omnipotent thrust of boundless miles of water behind it, the whispering line of foam creeps higher and higher along the beach until it has reached its limit.

But the advance is not the steady, unremitting, forward drive of the flowing river. Wave after wave plunges in to break against the land and then recedes to the great flood whence it came. Forward and back, forward and back the water swings, but each succeeding foam-fringed wave runs up a little higher on the shore.

As with the sea, so it is with that incomprehensible force that we call life. And man himself is the foam on the beach of time, advanced, withdrawn, by the steady pulsating beat of the limitless force behind him, but still—for the tide has not yet reached the flood—climbing slowly upward.

Through the millions of years that the tide has been swelling we have caught the



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sound of the four mighty waves that have flung man farthest along his way. First the Archaic, then the enormous surge of the Auto-Erotic, then the Narcissistic, and, last of all, that great roller that is still foaming upward along the strand—the Social.

These have been the great steps on his tremendous journey. These are the four great epochs in his history. And the mind of man, as I have shown, bears forever the marks of these drives, no less than a nation inherits and becomes subject to earlier drives in its own historical existence.

Behind each mortal, to use an earlier metaphor, stretches the dark corridor of his evolution back to that unicellular thing that was his beginning. Up through this he has come, not with the steady advance of the sun from east to west, but with the surge and pause and surge again of the advancing tide.

Man of to-day can be no other than the product of his inheritance—Adam of continuous growth—for if there had been the slightest break in that chain of events reaching back to the Archaic life, we of to-day would not have appeared. Behind his present Narcissistic or Social self stand those two grim earlier creatures that once he was—Archaic man, the beast with long claw and ready fang; Auto-Erotic man, with the spark



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of the first great impulse smoldering in his brain. It is indeed by reason of these transitional experiences that man must be reckoned with.

In some of us they are still immensely powerful and forever threaten to dominate. In others they appear only when man, the Narcissist, or man of the Social age, cannot supply the endless clamor of the foreconscious mind To Be Great.

Always the urge of these experiences is there, and when because of fear, of weariness, of anger, the To-Be-Great hunger cannot be gratified by man in his modern surroundings and with his modern personal equipment, their impulse predominates. The wave that has been flung high recedes for a moment on the undertow of the Archaic or Auto-Erotic. The corridor of the past stands open and man, starving To Be Great, flees down it until somewhere along its dark limits he is satiated.

When this retrogressive impulse takes place no logic may inspire man to act. He is smitten with unbearable hunger. If he cannot gratify it where he stands he will run back to some place that has filled his desire in the past and there find relief. No coherent thought or conclusion governs his action. He is out of the world of pragma-

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tism and is being drawn backward by that tether that binds him to the beast. He is hungry. He must eat, else he will die.

So he becomes temporarily a man of a million years ago, but with a modern mind machine. Through this painfully constructed, delicate mechanism, the drive of abysmal man is translated into the terms of the twentieth century. Thus his words and acts become psychopathic—that is, sick according to the standards of to-day. The psychologist hears the words of the present, but he knows that it is the primordial speaking—the drive of the Archaic or the Auto-Erotic—which, having gained temporary control of the mind machine, now speaks through the patient.

Man, when gripped by the starvation pains of his To-Be-Great desire, has no responsibility, no thought, higher than its gratification. He may satiate his hunger by any one of ten thousand ways. He may lie, continually practice deception, seek refuge in fantasies—dreams—or become physically ill. This last resort is one of the most effective “quick lunches” by which the irresistible hunger can be gratified.

“See,” the sufferer tells the world in symbols, “I am ill. I have been stricken by something outside my own body or will.

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Ah, but if I only weren't prostrated by this malady I'd show you all! If I were only well I'd be a far, far better man than any of you!"

Yet the man who seeks to obtain greatness by pleading some handicap of the body is not consciously untruthful. What has happened is simply this: his conscious mind, faced by impossible conditions, is unable to obtain that food on which he lives.

"Get out of the way," his Archaic self says. "I know how to get greatness. Let me run things and I'll show you."

So, the man achieves his desire To Be Great, not as his present Narcissistic or Social self knows greatness, but as the age-old man who stands behind these knew it.

Archaic man walked into my office not so many months ago embodied in a young naval officer assigned to one of the great government war plants. He was a strapping lad, broad-shouldered, slim-waisted, and with the appearance of one whom no food, however deadly, could harm.

But on his face was stamped a look of resignation and pain. It was clear that he saw himself as a patient sufferer, under affliction such as few could bear so well.

With a martyred air he told of the terrific suffering that he had been enduring from a

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most mysterious form of indigestion. Every afternoon, in the midst of his work, these pangs would grip him. It took tremendous will power for him to keep on his feet and finish the day.

No, it made no difference what he ate. He had dieted with no effect. He had consulted stomach specialists. They had prescribed for him, but the medicine had not relieved him.

Was he married? Oh yes—this in the matter-of-fact tone of one who had taken his wife fifteen years ago.

Any children? No—this with the air of one who had had opportunity to rear a tremendous family.

Well, since the entire medical fraternity had not been able to diagnose his case, had he himself any idea what ailed him? Was there anything that he could think of that he wanted to do especially—any change that he felt would be beneficial?

Then came the drive, with the voice of the Archaic echoing loudly through his reply.

“Well, I have thought, Doctor,” he ventured, “that if I could get away for a few weeks to my camp in the Adirondacks I’d be able to shake this dyspepsia. It’s deep in the woods, on the shore of a lake. I could live out of doors—shoot and fish and tramp.

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If I could do that I think I'd come back all right."

Remember that this man believes sincerely that he is ill. Also keep in mind that he is not conscious of practicing any deception whatever. He is truthful, but he is truthful at present with the Archaic mind, and this has just voiced its great craving. Remember also that the desire To Be Great is a most movable feast, but in the main is dependent upon exhibitionism. To be of value to oneself one's conduct must be seen and recognized by others. Chief among the recognized forms of conduct in man when he is seeking for greatness is frantic effort to be unleashed from the sordid necessities of to-day—in short, to be able to exploit oneself to the envy of others. For some reasons, under present conditions, his modern self cannot be great. He is trying to flee from an unbearable present.

In voicing the desire to get back into the wilderness the man of a million years ago had spoken, not, however, in this case to enjoy primal greatness, for he had tasted success and was well equipped To Be Great at a certain level of the social, but for the reason of an utter change of environment wherein his former achievements were no longer achievements at all. He had married



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out of his former field of achievements. He was starving in the midst of plenty. The undertow of the Archaic had pulled my patient's consciousness back from the heretofore extreme point reached by the foam. Watch now how the drive slackens and the wave gathers strength for another rush up the beach into the new present.

Unwittingly he has revealed the nature of his To-Be-Great desire, because his Archaic mind cannot help but be truthful. Now to learn the causes that lie behind this new, this special hunger.

"How long have you had this camp? Do you go there often?"

Like a flash the Archaic leaves the throttle of the mind machine and pushes the conscious mind into its place. "Here," it whispers, "I'll get you food for your hunger To Be Great, but I'll not submit to cross-examination. You take charge now. I'm through."

My patient smiled and a look of embarrassment, not hitherto apparent, came to his face.

"Well," he hesitated. "It's not really mine at all, as far as ownership is concerned. It belongs to my wife's family, the —s." He mentioned the name of a man high in the advertising poster hall of fame. Nor could



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he help mentioning his name. It was a morsel of annexed Greatness.

“How long have you been married?”

“Five months.”

Only a few more questions and the entire course of the drive, of which the dyspepsia was only one manifestation, lay revealed.

All his life this man had worked hard for a living and, by a superiority of achievement, though at a level all its own, satisfied his To-Be-Great hunger. Then he married a woman who had been reared the daughter of a multimillionaire. He stepped into a family that had more of the food for the To-Be-Great desire than he had ever dreamed of.

Suddenly his old objective of Greatness no longer served. It was no greatness at all. Life had grown richer for him. Luxuries and comforts which he had hitherto only dreamed of were at his call. But—and here is the stumbling point—they came from his wife and her people. It was not he who was great. She was. The physical ease of his married life made his mental existence only more miserable. There grew up the hunger To Be Great—greater than his wife.

Unable to satisfy that hunger in the present, his conscious mind forsook the driver's seat of the mind machine and turned it over to the Archaic. The undertow had caught him.

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“But,” said the Archaic, “I cannot be great in the city, in modern surroundings, in the heart of a great munition plant. There are too many above me. To pass them rung by rung will take so long that I will starve long before I can reach the top.”

But in what manner was he to satisfy that hunger? Out of a million years' experience his body answered him.

“I am sick,” it said. “These conditions are unendurable. I cannot be great under the strain of my present environment.”

Through the stomach ailment, called to the aid of the mind, the man kept his To-Be-Great desire from utter starvation.

“If I were only well I would be greater than any of you,” he had said to the world. That helped allay the pang.

“You poor dear,” his wife had replied to him each night when he returned from work, worn by the pain he had endured, “you are working too hard. I don't see why you do it. Everything I have is yours. Can't you possibly take a little vacation? I'm worried about you.”

And again hunger was placated, and the Archaic grinned to itself as it saw the opportunity to annex Greatness.

Yet the man to whom this was happening knew nothing of the forces astir in him or

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what their strategy was. He felt his stomach ache. He did not know that he longed to get away from his intolerable present of a clerk in a factory. Perhaps at times he had felt a conscious regret that his wife had so much more money than he. But he knew nothing of the grim, age-old force within him that had linked these things into a drive toward a definite end. The only question that was now possible as his old Archaic knew it was to get away from the humiliation of being a clerk in a munition plant where his earnings brought to knowledge daily his incapacity as measured against the cost of his living environments. Sickness would help, to be sure, for it would serve to placate his own ego as visioned by himself as audience. But not so with those who were in daily communication with him. In short, the whole breakdown was one of the ego starvation of Greatness. His field of achievement was beyond his capacity, at a seventh-century level. When he came to me he was en route to the seventh or fourteenth century, where achievement was possible. His brawn and muscle would attend to that.

Under such conditions—under all conditions—the mind is continually at work. It holds no brief for idleness. From the instant of its first awakening to the last breath man

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draws it is ever in operation—a machine whose motion is limited only by the span of a man's years. Minute after minute the wheels turn and the pistons thrust, grinding out material in response to the earth cry, "I want," and man's great battle cry, "To Be Great!"

Man's mind abhors inactivity as Nature does a vacuum. It must be eternally at work. Surround it with material upon which it can feed, and its drive will be forward and upward. Cut off this supply, and you do not slacken the activity of the mind machine. It still runs as rapidly as ever, but, unable to obtain what it needs in the present, it reaches back into the billion years of the past and in the Archaic finds the material denied it in the present. Too often we call this latter insanity.

So it is with each one of us—drops that we are in the wave of human life that goes crashing up across the beach. And because each drop in the roller is governed by this law the wave itself is merely the unified voice of its innumerable particles.

As with man the individual, so with the nations of the world. Their actions are as accountable to the inviolable law that governs the action of the mind as you or I.

And in these days when boundaries are

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shifting, and ideals are recrystallizing after the Archaic frenzy of war, thoughtful men are discovering for themselves what psychologists have learned through years of experiment and a massing of data.

In the year 1919, just after the close of the Great War, an Associated Press dispatch from London brought to my notice that at least one man not of a scientific trend of mind stood on the threshold of the discovery of those things which psychologists have learned are the forces which govern the life of man and mankind. It was to me a practical illustration of the fact that psychology was not a theory or science alone, but a thing of reality even without scientific data of any kind.

LONDON, *May 10*. "There are no terms written in the treaty that can bring peace to Europe," said Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank of New York, to the Associated Press before sailing for New York to-day, after several weeks in England and on the Continent. "The real treaty of peace will be the plan whereby Europe will be able to get machinery, rolling stock, and raw material and be placed in a position to help herself."

In other words, you cannot stimulate the mind of man or mankind and bring it back to a normal state by words, or rules, such as a treaty of peace. There can be no re-



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covery unless you give the mind machine material to work upon in its search for Greatness. Machinery, rolling stock, and raw materials are all foods for the herd desire for Greatness. Mr. Vanderlip is quoted further:

The outstanding feature of the situation is the paralysis of production. Much could be said of the financial condition in which each of the nations finds itself, but I have come to see that there is something fundamental even in the solvency of nations. There is a direct train of events which begins with the halt of industry, idle workmen, the cessation of production, want, social unrest, and then the danger of the final act of revolution.

Observe the tremendous psychological truth that Mr. Vanderlip speaks. "Paralysis of production"—the lapse of mankind into the Archaic state of war, which has overwhelmed the desire To Be Great in the present by reason of its failure to offer the peaceful competitive food of Greatness. He finds that there is "something fundamental even in the solvency of nations." It is a fundamental, as old as life itself, and he gives the steps of human retrogression as clearly as though all his life he had dealt with the mind machines, instead of the finances of men.

"The halt of industry"—the shutting off



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of opportunity to be great in the present; "idle workmen, the cessation of production, want, social unrest"—the undertow of the wave, the flight of man from an unendurable present back through the corridor of the past; "and then the danger of the final act of revolution—the satisfaction in the Archaic of the To-Be-Great desire, denied sustenance in the present.

"I doubt if America comprehends the extent of the paralysis of European industry," Mr. Vanderlip continues. "Of course, we expect idleness throughout the devastated districts—that is, a comparatively small region—but there is a partial idleness throughout the whole industrial area of Europe, in neutral as well as belligerent countries."

On the shore Mr. Vanderlip stands and looks out over the area that is life. At his feet he marks how the undertow of war, the Archaic, has drawn the water back; he sees where the wave of mankind is slowly gathering, after retrogression, for another rush up the beach.

He is as apprehensive as the writer, lest the incoming wave that men call Peace reach the strand only to be drawn back at once on the undertow of the Archaic.

## VI

### THE DRIVE FOR GREATNESS—II

I WAS awakened one night on a sleeping car by a sudden lurch that nearly flung me from my berth. I sat up in the darkness. The train had stopped, and from far ahead came the sound of shouting. Some one ran down the aisle, calling:

“Jim, get back with a lantern, quick! Number twenty-six is only two minutes behind us!”

For an instant thereafter there was silence and then from behind the curtains that shielded the berths a score of voices began to speak aloud the question that was uppermost in my own mind.

“What’s the matter?”

Neither men nor women thought in that first flash of alarm of trying to find out what disaster had overtaken them. No one ran from the car to see. Instead they obeyed instinct and remained where they were, asking over and over again, “What’s the matter?”

Later, when we dragged out the battered

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passengers from forward cars—flimsy day coaches not yet fashioned into substantial Pullmans—which had been turned over and wrecked by collision with a freight train, the dazed victims repeated the same query:

“What’s the matter?” they asked, stupidly, over and over. The shock of the disaster had driven all reasoning power from their minds. For the moment the conscious part of their mental mechanisms was not working. The foreconscious, wakened into activity by the protest of outraged bodies and nerves, drove them to ask that one eternal question, “What’s the matter?”

In the terror and darkness of the accident the human mind was reacting as it always will when confronted with a problem that the intellect—the reasoning, conscious part of the mind—cannot immediately handle, classify, and adjust.

Daily, in my profession, that same question is put to me many times.

“What’s the matter, Doctor?”

Rarely does the mental sufferer ask: “What is wrong in my attitude? How can I help myself?”

Almost invariably in his discomfort he assumes the attitude that through no fault of his own he has been made a victim of some caprice or design of the ruthless outside world.

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“People always misunderstand me. . . . I don’t ask for special privilege; all I want is fair treatment. . . . I deal fairly with others. Why won’t they give me the same square deal?”

These and a thousand similar complaints are poured into my ears each year. In each of them is the basic substance of the question that ran through the sleeping car when the frightened people woke:

“What’s the matter?”

Because of the extremely delicate and sensitive quality of the human mind one cannot reply to the sufferer with the blunt truth: “There is nothing the matter with you. So far as your mentality is concerned, you are functioning according to schedule. Your mental attitude of ‘What is the matter outside of yourself?’ is natural, since your mental mechanism cannot conceive that there is anything ‘wrong within yourself.’ Once your conduct feeds your Archaic desires—food necessities and a superiority over others, in short, a Greatness—there is at once established the high principle of ‘rightness.’ And not until that same conduct fails to gratify the Archaic desires—still active, the unconscious and foreconscious minds—will it be discarded from the ‘philosophy of the conscious mind.’”

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Pause with me a moment and review for an instant those forces and impulses that must forever operate upon the mind of man. We have grouped them pragmatically into two classes—the “I-want” cry of the unconscious mind and the To-Be-Great desire of the foreconscious. Achievement and Recognition are the twin Grails that man continually pursues throughout his crusade on this earth. He must obtain them or else he dies. They are as vital to his continued existence as is water or food or air.

What aids him in his quest? Primarily it would seem as if the conscious mind was the source of this propulsion, since it is the guard that stands ready to defend conduct. But the conscious mind is the youngest and least experienced part of the mind machine. It is conceivable that it may not be—in fact, it often is not—able through itself alone to obtain its desire.

But behind the conscious mind stand the foreconscious and the unconscious minds, those grim and hoary old fellows that have been passed down from the body of father to the body of son all through the long chain of man’s development. In his age-long life man has amassed such an amount of experience that the conscious mind in its span of three-score years and ten may never hope to absorb.



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Suppose the conscious, by itself, is unable to obtain the achievement and recognition necessary to gratify its To-Be-Great hunger. The foreconscious hears the mutter and protest of the starving ego, and steps forward.

“Here,” it says to the conscious, “I know how to do this. I know life and this mind machine as you can never hope to. Let me run things.”

Through the foreconscious mind achievement and recognition are attained—ruthlessly, perhaps; certainly in a different manner from which the conscious mind would strive for them if left to itself. And presently because of the Archaic, relentless manner in which the grim old chauffeur drives the mind machine toward its goal, protests arise from other humans who have been knocked down or terrified by the unscrupulous forward rush of the mechanism.

“What is the matter with him?” they ask concerning John Smith, whose character has lately become eccentric. And, if John Smith’s conscious mind is still wakeful enough, he presently begins to voice his version of that same question.

“What’s the matter?”

A truthful answer to this latter query will never vary. It will always be:

“You are hunting achievement and recog-



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nition in what your mind tells you at the moment is the only possible way of achievement. It is functioning according to schedule."

What is the matter with a man who instead of asking deprecatingly that a favor be done him demands it as his right?

He is hunting achievement and recognition. By forcing instead of begging others to do his bidding he is gratifying his To-Be-Great hunger.

What is the matter with a man who always receives a request for a favor in a hostile, forbidding attitude, yet never fails to do it?

Again the same answer. He is getting the greatest amount of achievement and recognition out of the act itself. Instead of saying about him, "He's a courteous and kindly man," his petitioners remark: "Bill? He's a regular guy. Rough, and hard as nails outside, but he's got a heart as big as a barrel. Growl and swear and cuss you out when you ask him to help you, but he always comes through, God bless him!"

One of my patients is the mother of a lad seven years old. As early in life as this, the child has already evolved a code of conduct which has gone far toward convincing me that logic and reason are native holdings of the foreconscious mind.

When the child is thwarted in any of his

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desires—usually they are for cake or candy or similar substances dear to the stomach of a small boy—he becomes sulky and disobedient. He refuses to eat the meals set before him. Presently he goes to his room and remains there, a young Achilles in his tent.

Eventually the overfond mother appears with a tray of food and implores him to eat. At first he refuses the material food, and by this refusal and the ensuing agitation and pleadings of his mother obtains a full meal of the psychic food that his To-Be-Great desire demands. Eventually the frantic parent promises him the thing she has already denied him if he will only eat his dinner or supper, and, having gained all that he desired, he finally consents.

The boy's conscious mind is not fully enough developed at his age to have worked out the formula of success which he follows. It is inherited logic, transmitted through his foreconscious self, that is directing his search for greatness.

Charlie was my chauffeur, a clever lad of nineteen whose father had been my father's coachman. He was working in an automobile factory for \$15 a week when his father begged that I employ him. Charlie was a good lad, the old man said. Each week he gave his mother \$7 for board. He

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was industrious, honest, and had no bad habits. I hired him for \$25 a week.

Three months later Charlie's father came to me and begged that I discharge him. The boy was going to the bad, he said. Rarely did he get home until three or four in the morning. The board that he gave his mother, freely enough, when he was getting \$15 a week was not forthcoming now that he got \$10 more. It was all she could do to get \$3 or \$4 from him.

I had no complaint to advance against the boy. He was a good chauffeur, careful and painstaking. The truth of the matter was that it was costing Charlie \$20 a week to get the psychic food which he absorbed free in the automobile factory.

There his To-Be-Great desire was fed continually. Other mechanics when confronted by a hard job called: "Hey, Charlie, come and dope this out for me!" . . . "Ask Charlie to give us a hand." . . . "Come here, Charlie. I got something to tell you."

Opportunities for recognition and achievement were given him continually in the automobile factory and Charlie's psychic self was fat and well content.

When I offered the lad a new job his conscious mind exclaimed: "Twenty-five a week instead of fifteen? Go to it!"

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Charlie went to it and promptly began to starve to death. The cry of his ego, yearning for recognition and achievement, roused the old foreconscious mind.

“Here,” it bellowed. “I want food. Get it, and get it quick.”

Charlie obeyed and got it. He joined a gang that would shout: “Here comes Charlie.” . . . “Charlie, you lucky guy, give us a ride.” . . . “Gee! Charlie, you’re a hot sketch!”

The foreconscious mind saw to it that the boy got the achievement and recognition that his ego craved, but it cost poor Charlie twenty a week to get it.

“Do you ever ask his advice about anything?” I asked the father.

The amazed glare with which he favored me was a more eloquent response than his verbal answer:

“What! Me ask his advice when he shows he’s crazy by chasing around with that gang of roughnecks?”

Here was one course of free psychic food completely shut off. Charlie could not do otherwise than continue to buy it even at an exorbitant price.

Across the aisle from me on an Elevated train recently there sat a man literally “down at the heel and out at the toe.” He

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talked and gesticulated continually. He was very drunk.

“Watch this man,” I whispered to my wife, “and see how his foreconscious mind makes him perform. You have only to look at him to see that his conscious mind has failed to get from the world the psychic materials he needs for existence. The conscious mind, a failure, has been completely deadened by alcohol. He is now under the control of his old foreconscious self. Watch him.”

He mumbled to himself. He laughed scornfully. He frowned in august superiority. He gesticulated magnificently. Given full rein by alcohol, his foreconscious mind was feeding him with an experience or combination of experiences remembered since long before his own birth.

Finally he made a long and worthy speech and at its conclusion applauded himself uproariously. You could see that in his own mind he stood before a great and worshiping audience, swaying it to his will. Some people in the car laughed. Others sneered. Yet he, starving for greatness, stood in his alcoholic dream acclaimed by a multitude.

To me it was tragic and pitiful. Here was a starved human mind picking desperately at the scraps and leavings of a thousand



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years to find in the past the nourishment that was denied it in the present. The problem is, "How is this particular man to be treated or handled?" The answer is that he is already handled and treated by Nature and most efficiently. In lieu of the neglect of his human brothers to prepare him with material marketable in the field of psychic necessity—To Be Great at a twentieth-century level—he is obliged to perform with the materials at his disposal. "Live, propagate, and be reconciled to your lot," is all that Nature demands. We are indeed blind if we cannot see that a great thief, a great voluptuary, a great beggar, a great murderer are as acceptable to Nature as a great banker, a great lawyer, a great physician; the only difference being in the period of time, the century of performance. It should indeed be needless to say that the jails and asylums are not institutions for corrections or for the segregation of the vicious—in the sense that the world is ever producing human anomalies—but for the neglected. Also, the occupants of those institutions are merely people who have not been raised educationally as most others have from century to century. They have simply remained at various century levels where they were least able to procure greatness. On the other

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hand, it must be borne in mind—reference having been made to this in a previous chapter—that self-excuse makes for greatness, provided the unconscious mind—the food-demanding mind—is gratified.

You and I and all the world are as completely subservient to the unconscious, if the crisis arises, as the little boy, Charlie, the chauffeur, or the oratorical drunk. With all the gloss and veneer of our civilization we can never shake ourselves free of its influence, save by feeding it and keeping it content. Otherwise it will rise in its age-old strength and attempt to wrest away from the conscious mind the control of the mind machine—for life itself and the basic law which cries live, propagate, and be reconciled is the last word in conduct.

I have at this moment a patient in whose ego this terrific duel is being waged. Highly educated, about forty-five, with a record of considerable achievement in music and art in the past, his foreconscious self has risen in revolt because he could not supply the psychic foods of achievement and recognition in large enough quantities to stave off hunger.

His early life was unhappy. His father, a man of wealth, drank to excess. Fear dominated his childhood. As he himself ex-

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presses it, "I fought my way out of difficulties and into such joys as I could grasp."

When he was twelve his mother died, and her sister, his aunt, kidnaped him. He was educated on two continents, and finally took up as a life work music and art. In these he obtained considerable recognition, though the monetary returns were not great. Through mistakes of one sort and another his personal fortune dwindled considerably. His foster-mother's remained.

When he married, his wife's love for and pride in him spurred him on for a time. Again he obtained considerable achievement and recognition, but of a sort that was not translatable into cash. And cash was the standard of greatness in the circle of society in which he and his wife moved. His conscious mind could not stand the thought of failure. The final blow came when he realized that he would be obliged to give up his automobile because of his dwindling income.

To his conscious mind this stood for the complete failure of his fight for achievement and recognition. Suddenly that automobile typified all that he had struggled to attain in life and now he was going to lose it.

He went to bed. A long succession of doctors, employed by his foster-mother and discharged by him, passed upon his condition

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until he had practically exhausted the medical talent of the city. Slowly he improved and was at last able to get about again. But he was never well. He has never been able to convince himself that he stands solidly on his own feet once more and, inspired by this conviction, to join again in the battle for achievement and recognition.

Six years have passed since his first attack and still he is a semiinvalid. The heat of summer drives him to a country place maintained for him by his aunt's money. The cold of winter sends him south, also at the expense of his foster-mother. His motor car is still his, thanks to that same person.

As the old hunter displays his trophies, so he exhibits a well-thumbed scrapbook in which are pasted his early writings—proof of the greatness that once was his and might be again if it were not for the malady that has stricken him.

“To what heights might I not fly were my health only restored,” says his conscious mind, wistfully.

“I am getting you achievement and recognition,” retorts his foreconscious self, “and I'll have a devil of a time if you get back your health. Keep away. It won't do at all.”

In desperation he has turned to psycho-

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analysis in a final attempt to drive the old relentless director from the control of his mind machine. He wants to resume his place in the ranks of the great, as his conscious mind sees greatness. He wants to free himself of the stigma of living upon his foster-mother's bounty. But his foreconscious self won't let him.

He does not consciously recognize his mental processes. He says that he is "run down" nervously. To tell him bluntly what is the matter with him would possibly drive him to suicide.

"Don't, Doctor! Don't!" he exclaimed one day when I hinted at the underlying causes of his condition. "You are talking damn nonsense. Why, if I thought there were a scrap of truth in what you are saying I would go down and jump into the river or else blow my brains out."

His own unconscious admission, as seen in his actions, is that his foreconscious mind has driven him into a corner. He must submit or die. A conscious decision made now could lead only to disaster. He has no line of retreat from the condition in which his unconscious mind has led him.

His foreconscious self is autocratic and will brook no temporizing. "Obey me, or perish," it commands, and he obeys.



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So the standards of our civilization are being constantly overridden and shattered by unconscious minds that cannot get greatness out of twentieth-century conduct. The conscious mind may believe in them wholly, but let it waver either in ignorance or pretext, let the old, instinctive man come into control—the man whose entire knowledge and experience is drawn from the past—and those standards go by the board.

The form which this upheaval and overthrow of the tenets of civilization may take depends in large part on the environment of the man and his inheritance—what the fore-conscious mind has derived from the lives of his forbears.

The drunkard of the Elevated did not go to bed to attain achievement and recognition. That had not served his foreconscious mind in the past, nor had it ever been an effective manner of satisfying the To-Be-Great desire in his own environment. Going to bed could not gain success for him. Nor did my patient of literary desire take to drink. He did not know that it could gratify his hunger. He went to bed and was fed. Giving his mother board money had never furnished psychic food of Greatness for Charlie, so he used it to buy achievement and recognition elsewhere.

## *THE DRIVE FOR GREATNESS*

Scientific law holds for its warrant nothing greater than the reduction of an indefinite number of cases to a single formula. If the conscious mind cannot get the psychic food we need, the foreconscious will overwhelm it and attempt to supply the nourishment itself. This in its simplest terms is the law that governed the actions of Charlie, the drunkard, the little boy who sulks when thwarted, and my patient who is stricken with "nervous prostration."

## VII

### SUBLIMATION

A LOCOMOTIVE comes coughing along an upgrade toward us. Steam, running through the veins of the steel monster and thrusting with the terrific force of its expansion against the pistons, drives the ponderous machine forward.

Whence the steam? From the boiler heated by the fire box beneath it. Continually fuel is flung into this furnace and the fire that consumes it breaks it up into its component parts—energy and waste. Through the bars of the fire box slag and dust and ashes are ejected so that the fire may continue to burn fiercely. Allow the waste to collect and the flame becomes dimmer. Refuse to expel the waste at all, and the flame dies, the fire goes out, literally choked to death, and the locomotive lags and stops.

Scientific pragmatism has said that the mind of man is a machine, governed by laws as positive and unvarying as those which drive the locomotive forward. Man's men-

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tal mechanism is ever toiling along the upgrade toward achievement and recognition, with the push of the desire To Be Great fulfilling the place of steam. Into the fire box of the mind machine is stoked whatever material man comes across in his existence. Some of this is caught up into flame and goes toward fashioning his greatness. Much of it is waste, slag, and ashes. Of this the mind machine must rid itself, else it will become clogged, slow down, and eventually stop. How does man's mental mechanism get rid of the clinkers which the locomotive dumps through its fire bars on to the track as it passes?

My secretary, a woman of keen discernment, was standing on the curb recently, waiting for a parade to pass. Ahead of the procession, a police automobile came speeding up the avenue. In it a patrolman-chauffeur was driving two high officers of the department to the reviewing stand. A little boy darted out of the crowd directly into the path of the oncoming machine, which knocked him down. He was picked up, howling and frightened, but otherwise not seriously hurt. One of the men in the tonneau of the car leaned forward and said something to the chauffeur with considerable energy, to which he replied with a strange look of desperation:

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“Damn it! I’m tired of dodging people!”

The chauffeur did not know it, the people who listened to his apparently callous remark did not know it, but through this act of violence he had dumped his ashes. His mind machine had freed its fire box of the slag and clinkers that were hindering it in its drive forward toward greatness.

Pragmatically, it may be assumed that for some time he had been forced to stoke his mind engine with fuel which was largely waste. This had clogged up the whole mechanism. As a result, the achievement and recognition he had obtained were small.

At least one unsuitable factor in this unsatisfactory fuel had been the humiliation that he, a chauffeur, had been made to feel by foot passengers, who by their stupidity or carelessness continually checked the progress of his car or made it swerve from its course.

The morning when my secretary saw him was the time when his mind was ready to revolt against any further subjugation. It needed greatness and was not getting it. His fire box was full of clinkers. Then came the final straw. A child ran in front of his car tacitly ordering him to get out of the way. Further personal obliteration could not be endured.



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“Get in my way, will you?” said the chauffeur’s mind, reaching forward eagerly to even his low-order chance for greatness. “I’ll show you!”

His mind had refused to accept any more fuel of this belittling quality. By his act of violence he had dumped the ashes that were clogging his mental mechanism. By his statement that he was “tired of dodging people” he had diagnosed, unwittingly, his own case and had voiced a psychological law.

The desire To Be Great, as I have said, is as dynamic a force in the human mind as the sun’s rays are to the growth of a plant. Because of its intensity, man’s mind machine drives only one way. It can stand any amount of success and still strive for more, but it cannot long tolerate nonachievement and failure.

When these threaten—when the fire box is so filled with ashes that the flames are not drawing well—the mind machine reacts automatically. An evacuation takes place and the mechanism has achieved greatness at last, but at a very low level.

A somewhat unfortunate, though graphic, name has been attached to this phenomenon by psychologists who drew a parallel between the manner in which the mind and the body

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reacted toward waste, and because of the analogy, termed the mental ejection, the Anal-Erotic complex. Under its influence the mind throws off those elements which it has been forced to take in, but which it cannot use, just as the body rids itself of waste which, if allowed to remain, would eventually cause death.

A friend of mine recently left his automobile standing in front of his door, facing in the wrong direction. Another motorist, stopping at the next house, bumped into my friend's machine just as he was coming out of his home.

My friend, though he saw that not the slightest damage had been done, nevertheless assailed the other man with a pungent and violent flow of language. So eloquent did he become that a policeman passing on a motorcycle paused to listen. This increased audience embarrassed the orator not a whit. He continued to assail the careless person who had bumped into his car. The object of the attack listened quietly until it was over, and then, as quietly, pointed out to the policeman that the automobile he had struck was facing the wrong way to be standing on that side of the street.

The patrolman handed my friend a summons with alacrity, for the person so bitterly

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reproached was the district attorney of the county.

“But,” I said when my friend told me of the incident later, “if it was such a trivial matter, and also an accident, why all the language? Had a bad night?”

“No, but Kate did!” He frowned. Kate is his wife. “She had been handing me the rough stuff all the morning!”

“But the district attorney wasn’t responsible for that.”

He laughed. “I know, but I couldn’t holler at Kate, so I hollered at the district attorney. Had to get it out of my system somehow.” Again the mind, clogged and hampered by fuel unsuitable for its pursuit of greatness, ridding itself of this handicap through the Anal-Erotic.

As civilization has developed, nations and individuals have come to recognize and accept the Anal-Erotic drive, whether consciously or not. Tacitly men and groups of humans have grown to acknowledge the necessity for their fellow men or organizations of men to “blow off steam,” or—to pursue the earlier simile—dump the clogging ashes. Republics, through their upholding of free speech and free press, are actually giving their citizens the easiest and simplest possible way of satisfying the Anal-Erotic.

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Freud has termed this mental process of digestion the Political Complex.

The respectable citizen who grows profane and purple of face over the deplorable condition into which the present administration is forcing his city, state, or nation is not of necessity an anarchist or an enemy to the Republic. His wife, or his friend, or his office boy or his employer has blocked him in his struggle To Be Great. He reaches greatness by hammering, not the real offender, but those set in government over him. No one cares, and it makes him feel better. It gives his mind machine a harmless way of dumping its ashes. Were he unable to take advantage of the Political Complex he would be forced back into the Archaic for satisfaction and eventually might achieve a lower order of greatness by beating his wife or assaulting his employer.

Your own wife has wakened this morning, nervous and depressed. Gloom, intershot with squabblings, hangs over your breakfast table. For some reason you are unable to be great with her. After a hard day's work you return home with the clinkers of the morning's humiliation and failure still lying in the fire box. An invitation to dine with me is waiting for you. Possibly in a half-hearted attempt to obtain greatness you

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grumble and protest that you don't want to go. Eventually, however, you do.

The talk at my table turns to Mr. Wilson and the Peace Conference. "This man Wilson," you say, violently, "is a fool. He is meddling with things he doesn't understand. He's driving the country to wrack and ruin."

I fly to Wilson's defense. We shout at each other. We speak of figures high in the politics of the nation with a fine disregard for the law of slander. We pound the table and say things about each other which, if we were on any other subject but politics, would lead to assault and battery. Eventually, having exhausted all your store of invective and predicted the imminent collapse of the nation, you go home.

A little later your wife remarks: "It does you good to get out evenings, Tom. You ought to go out oftener." You have cleaned the ashes from your fire box. Through the Political Complex the Anal-Erotic has operated satisfactorily.

Ingestion of food for the body must necessarily be followed by ejection of waste. Ingestion of food for the mind—words—must be succeeded by ejection of mental waste. Archaic man accepted his mental food, and if it did not agree with him,



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ejected it at once. He partook of humiliation and got rid of the waste by slaying the humiliator. As civilization progressed the reaction followed the action more tardily. Man learned to take care where he dumped the ashes from his fire box—within certain limitations.

Usually to-day, thanks to the Political Complex, he is able to rid himself of mental slag and cinders where the ejection will do no harm at all. But if this opportunity is denied him, if he cannot resort to a mental catharsis, the time will come when he will react automatically, will throw off the waste material without permission from the conscious ego. The police chauffeur did this. So did my friend who berated the district attorney.

Civilization has given us the Political Complex, but it has also furnished further means of escapement—of throwing off the clinkers of nonachievement and humiliation that are unendurable to the human mind. As man has progressed he has devised means of eliminating the waste from his physical body. He has also formulated a method of ridding the mind machine of similar obstructions. In its broadest and most familiar term, this may be called “being a good sport” or “playing the game.”

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Archaic man knew nothing of this escape—this other line of approach whereby victory might be wrested from the hands of defeat. Our remote ancestors, and some of their present-day descendants, if worsted in any test of strength and skill, mental or physical, immediately sought relief by belittling the adversary. Our humiliated forbear, who had been knocked down by another man, fought desperately to regain achievement and recognition by explaining that his own foot had slipped or that his opponent had resorted to unfair tactics. To-day a higher civilization has opened a new road whereby the defeated may turn his inferiority into supremacy.

Present-day man, because of present-day standards, always has a line of escape open from the unendurable humiliation of defeat. He is beaten in a running race, a business deal, a Civil Service examination. He hears the cheers and sees the award bestowed on the victor. He himself can share in the cheers and gain a victory himself by holding out his hand to his conqueror and saying: "Congratulations, old man. I've been beaten by a better man than I."

Through the games of childhood and youth civilization is trying to teach man this easier and better way of avoiding the pangs

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of humiliation. Colleges stress it in their tradition that their sons must "play the game like gentlemen."

Archaic man, who girds and protests against defeat, is still with us. To him we owe a debt of gratitude. For him we still have a need. His is the bulldog determination never to let go. He is the man who "never knows when he is licked." Without his unrelenting, adventurous spirit civilization would undoubtedly have advanced far more slowly than it has. Such "never-say-die" people are still with us. The spirit which drives them toward their single objective, "to win," in not taking into account the possibility of loss does not—as we are apt to think—leave them just "open-mouthed," but throws them back to the Narcissistic period where the matter of loss—intolerable to mental life—may find its only outlet. Such a person is apt to say "the test was not a fair one! My adversary had advantages which I had not," etc. In sporting parlance he "alibis" himself. It is indeed man flying to the defense of his splendid self, but with pitiful preparation and result.

Man's primitive attempt to snatch victory from defeat is not so Archaic as those of his forbears who killed the person who

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had humiliated him. The same motive also prompted little Joe of the dancing-school episode (related earlier) who sought to belittle the dancers by standing on his head.

How are you and I and the remainder of the world to keep from this error? How are we to avoid those mental cramps which if disregarded will result in violent manifestations of the Anal-Erotic? What is to be the mental equivalent of the pepsin and hydrochloric acid which civilization now brings to the aid of similar physical conditions?

By Sublimation—that is, by laying down before we attempt our deed an alternative way of obtaining success, in case we are cheated out of it in our direct attack. In our conscious minds we must find, when faced by a situation threatening humiliation, an escapement that will satisfy us.

Many of us have established formulas to this end without consciously recognizing the laws that lie behind them. Others in their daily life continually neglect to consider escapement. In consequence these are thrust, time after time, back into the Archaic to obtain a relief which they do not know how to wring from the present.

Such a person was Sam, the gawky son of a widow who ran a summer boarding house in Jersey. His mother cherished an old blue-

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and-white Dutch pitcher that had been in the family for generations. One day she sent Sam down into the cellar to fill it with cream. Sam went down into the cellar, but not in the accepted fashion. He slipped on the top step and went thundering to the bottom with a noise that shook the whole dwelling. His mother rushed to the door and cried: "Sam! Sam!"

From the darkness below Sam returned a Spartan, "What, ma?"

"Ye didn't break that there pitcher, did you, Sam?"

"No," came the wrathful reply, "I didn't, but, by golly! I'm gonna."

A second later a milder crash told that Sam, driven into the Archaic by injured dignity and lack of sympathy, had found his relief there. Had the outraged Sam known of the satisfaction that sublimation would bring, he might have replied, "No, ma; I saved your pitcher, but I'm afraid I have hurt myself pretty badly." For that he would have feasted his starving ego on gratitude and sympathy.

What man has not felt a sudden rush of humiliation when his wife has appeared of a rainy morning, bearing his rubbers, wearing an exasperated expression and saying, "I'll put those down right beside you so you can't



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possibly forget to put them on before you go out."

In this, as in a thousand other little crises of domestic life, he may plunge his whole household back into the Archaic by grumbling: "My dear, give me credit for a little intelligence. I'm not quite the damned fool you seem to think me." Or he may sublimate the demand of his ego and keep his home and his mind machine at peace by replying: "It was sweet of you to remember them. No wonder I forget when you are always looking out for my welfare."

In his home, in the outside world, no matter what crisis may face a man, he can, if he will, always turn it into a mental profit. That is no new discovery. Solomon had learned part of it thousands of years ago when he wrote, "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

It is strange that he, coming of a race of excellent business men, did not also dwell on the personal profit that man may derive from sublimation.

## VIII

### THE PSYCHIC CENSOR

THE mind of man as he is to-day is the mind of his most remote human ancestor with the addition of numberless generations of alteration and development in accordance with the growth of his herd life—his civilization, which has replaced his purely individualistic primitive existence.

Man is Adam, lifted by evolution into harmony with the twentieth century, as surely as the locomotive and the engines of the liner are the steaming kettle, elaborated and complicated. Whirring dynamos, propellers, and driving wheels turning rapidly are but modern manifestations of the lifting kettle lid, pushed upward by the power of steam. Back of the delicate, enormously powerful engines of to-day lies the simple, tremendous primal force of the expansion of steam.

Back of the mental processes of the members of our present generation are the bald, uncomplexed, Archaic lusts for food and

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drink, for warmth, for sex gratification. They are the steam. Their elemental force is the primal drive behind all workings of the complex mind machine of the present day—a machine which the advancing civilization of the herd will complicate still further with each succeeding generation, even as the steam engine becomes more intricate and involved with each decade.

Under the hand of man the evolution of the teakettle, to meet the demands and conditions of modern life, has resulted in the locomotive. Under the hand of the Great Mechanic, over a vast stretch of years, the mind of man has also changed and been elaborated to meet the demands and conditions of developing herd life. Yet behind the complicated, delicately adjusted mechanism of the locomotive is the primitive force of steam, and back of the complex mind machine of modern man is also a primal force—the three great lusts in all their Archaic manifestations, without which life cannot exist—To Live, To Achieve, To Propagate.

The great problem that man has been called upon to solve in his struggle upward from the beast has been the harnessing and taming of these Archaic forces, inherited from one generation to the other in his unconscious

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mind. He has been forced to subjugate these bestial cravings and translate them to the best of his ability into terms conformable with the continually increasing requirements of herd life.

Of themselves the three primal desires are things of terror and revulsion to the conscious mind, educated and trained according to civilized standards. They are violent forces, even as the power of pent-up steam is of itself a violent force.

Yet man has learned to bridle and control the terrible force of steam expansion, and by the development of certain mechanisms has translated its overwhelming brutal energy into something that accomplishes his will, turns the dynamos that furnish him with light and heat, drives the engines that enable him to speed over land and sea.

So also has the explosive force of man's first hungers been tempered and restrained, through the mechanism of the modern mind machine of man, into a power that drives man forward to higher and more complex things than the bestially simple cravings for food, drink, and the opposite sex.

But the expanding steam, after it has performed the work set for it by man, must find an outlet. We see the primitive force that lifted the kettle lid, escaping unchanged

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from stack and exhaust pipe. And the lusts that once held supreme and uncontested sway over man's mind must also have their escapement. The primal desires must be gratified to-day, just as they had to be a million years ago. In its advancement the mind of man has been faced with the problem of compressing the gratification of these desires into limits conformable with the growing demands of civilization.

Let us see how man's mind machine has handled this problem. Deep- and fast-rooted in the unconscious divisions of the mind are the three primitive desires, unquarable, ineradicable. Their cry, "I want," cannot be neglected, cannot be passed over unheeded.

But over against the stark earth clamor of the Archaic mind is set the conscious mind with its desire To Be Great inherited from the foreconscious mind, together with its experiences in civilized herd conduct.

Here we have the two opposing forces—the Archaic, infinitely strong, dominating, unbeatable; and the desire To Be Great of the conscious mind, persistent and continually searching for achievement and recognition, in the herd.

Were the Archaic allowed full rein in all the earthy aims of its desire, the search of



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civilized man for greatness at a high level never could be gratified, and without that quest civilized man would vanish from the earth.

On the other hand, were the conscious mind to attain full sway and achieve the power of throttling and conquering the primal lusts, man could exist no more than a steam engine could run with the pipe to the steam boiler severed.

Thus we have the two forces, interdependent, essential one to the other, and each wholly necessary to life and its advancement. How has the disaster been avoided that must follow a fight to the death of these two?

By compromise. By arbitration.

Only through the agency of the conscious mind can the drives of the Archaic be realized. The unconscious mind has no contact with the world of to-day save through its modern counterpart—the conscious. But the conscious mind, with its desire for achievement and recognition upon which civilization is based, cannot permit the hoary lusts to appear in all their primal abhorrence.

Hence the establishment of an arbitrator; a force capable of translating the cravings of the primitive into terms of the twentieth

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century. Psychologists have recognized this force and have termed it the Psychic Censor.

For the sake of clearness let us resort to pragmatism and regard this quality of the human mind, the censor, as though it were something more actual than a mere figure of speech.

Psychology holds that it is the job of the censor to act as an arbitrator between the Archaic which man inherits and the standards of present-day herd life to which we must submit, at least ostensibly. For the Archaic must find an outlet into the present. The primal lusts cannot be choked off while life continues, any more than one may shut off an engine and leave the fire blazing hotly beneath the boiler.

But the censor modifies the expression of these lusts for food, for shelter, and, above all, for the opposite sex. It presents them to the world in terms acceptable by modern society. In other words, it disguises sex desire's hot brutality under the decorum of modern courtship. It transforms the hunger lust into the formality of meals at regular intervals.

Thus, to the psychologist, every act, every thought of man is regarded from two angles and must be considered in connection with its manifest content—the conscious

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purpose possessed by the mind; and its latent content, the Archaic lust that lies behind.

A rough formula for any act or thought of man would be: first, the Archaic craving; then the passage of this craving through the hands of the Psychic Censor into the conscious mind; then the action of the conscious mind timed and regulated in accordance with expedience—in accordance with its desire To Be Great and its place in the herd.

Because of the Psychic Censor, because of the continual drive of the conscious mind toward achievement—in herd standards—the Archaic hunger is not recognized by the conscious mind and is therefore not filed away in the conscious memory glossary to which man is continually adding the result of his every conscious action for his own future guidance.

The primal lust is concerned only with satisfaction, with satiation. Once gratified, it retires temporarily. On the other hand, the conscious mind is forever striving for more herd greatness. That is its continual aim, and each of its acts is listed away in memory, to form part of the store of information upon which man is continually drawing to help him to further greatness.

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Anger, depression, hatred, horror dreams, various emotions and concepts that are manifestly unpleasant, are latently Archaic gratifications; they are the attempts of the Psychic Censor to release through the conscious mind some primal lust that must be gratified yet not appear before the world in its bare, revolting aspect.

Freud has piled up enough evidence to show that dreams are actually an arbitration between the two great contesting parties, the Archaic and the conscious. In dreams the two divisions of the mind, the Archaic crying the "I want" of immediate physical necessity; the conscious clamoring the "I want" of herd expedience—of the desire To Be Great—meet and establish a basis of agreement through which, working together, each may obtain its end.

Freud has also shown that only one of these two "I want" cries registers in the conscious mind. The Archaic is concerned only with the immediate gratification of its hunger. It has nothing whatever to do with the future exploitations of man, discards the matter of future expediency, and therefore is not registered on the memory.

It is exactly this unregistered, latent material for which the psychoanalyst searches. He knows that if he can dig down far enough

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through the strata of human minds he will find that the foundation of dreams and conscious actions are the immemorial lusts that were man's early cravings, and for which man in his herd life to-day has supplied many substitutions that satisfy these desires as well as did the early methods of gratification.

x For instance, a man has a dispute with his wife. The argument becomes violent and terminates by his bursting from the room and slamming the door behind him. Temporarily he has killed her. For a few minutes or hours she plays the part only of a slain woman in his life. She is dead to his physical necessity. The latent material behind his act is murder; yet since the Psychic Censor has learned that the Archaic needs only a certain space of time for the complete gratification of its desire, it has substituted the door slamming and the temporary absence for the wielding of a weapon and the extinction of the wife.

These substitutions employed by the censor are, of course, dependent to a great extent upon education and experience. These furnish the means whereby the Archaic drives reach the world in their least violent forms. Only a few centuries ago man had not collected sufficient knowledge to handle



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the drive to kill harmlessly. When affronted, he took direct Archaic action and slew his traducer.

It should also be remembered that in the present generation man, by lack of opportunity, may be deprived of sufficient knowledge and experience to effect these substitutions, and perfectly normal Archaic acts, through want of proper handling by the Psychic Censor, become twentieth-century crimes.

## IX

### DREAMS—I

**F**LINT AXE, of ten thousand years ago, baffled in the hunt, and unable to kill the successful hunter, crept morosely into his cave and slept. And as he slumbered, Nature sent him dreams that shook from the fire box of his primitive mind machine the clinkers of humiliation and self-disgust which were forcing his mental organism back into utter bestiality.

In his vision he saw himself a victor, in some manner or other, over the man who was his physical superior. Flint Axe awoke refreshed and with the murder lust that had boiled inside him abated. Nature had stepped in and furnished the escapement which he himself had been unable to achieve consciously.

In the dreams of Flint Axe, the mechanism of the Anal-Erotic functioned satisfactorily. In our dreams to-day the identical process is going on. Throughout the history of humanity Nature has used dreams as a safety

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valve and has employed them to govern and ease situations which conscious man is unable to do by himself.

Dreams were man's first effort at sublimation. "Desires gratified" was Freud's definition. In man's present civilization he is attempting only to follow consciously the method his foreconscious mind has employed through all the ages of his development from the higher ape.

In the simple life of the Archaic dreams began to permit man "to achieve" without killing his brother. In the more complicated existence of the present dreams have become so amplified that they furnish escapement from a thousand and one conditions which otherwise would become insupportable.

From the beginning of civilization man has instinctively placed much significance in dreams. Seers and magicians have read them and have drawn tremendous portents and omens from them. To-day the psychoanalyst reads and studies more scientifically and draws from them conclusions more truthful and accurate, but little less dramatic, than did the necromancers of an earlier day.

Man, psychologists have learned, always dreams true. But the psychologist in his method of searching out that truth travels in an opposite direction from the dream

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reader of earlier civilization. The seer sought some material future event of which the dream was the foreshadowing. The scientific dream interpreter of to-day also looks upon the dream as a shadow, but a shadow of something that has already transpired. He works backward through the vision to the past event or condition that has inspired it.

Dreams are truth, but they are the truth of the past rather than of the future, save in their foreshadowing of future conduct through habit. They tell, with a definite symbolism, of a shock, a crisis, a hunger which the mind has confronted and of which it is now seeking to rid itself.

A man is in business difficulties. He is hounded by his creditors. Each day brings to his waking life fresh humiliation, fresh starvation of his desire To Be Great. Presently he begins to be afflicted with nightmares. He dreams, for instance, that he is pursued across a field by a mad bull. He wakes, panting and sweating with terror.

His nightmare is merely his foreconscious self attempting to comfort him with the metaphor of dreams. A psychologist would translate this alarming vision into the following message from the unconscious mind to the sleeping conscious:

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“Of course you are worried. Of course you are frightened and humiliated over the condition into which your business has fallen. But it isn't your fault. No one could help acting as you do under the circumstances, any more than you could help running away from a mad bull. Anyone would do that.”

The elaborate metaphor and symbolism in which dreams are most frequently cast serves often to obscure their meaning from one whose mind is concerned with the material matter-of-fact affairs of waking life. The unconscious mind from which dreams spring is an older and less civilized organism than the conscious mind. As a result its messages are not given in the definite words of modern life. It resorts to the pictures and symbols which men of an earlier day used in place of the alphabet. Dreams bear the same relation to conscious thought of the Social era that the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt do to the modern printed page.

Of recent years mind mechanics have discovered through extensive research and tabulation the psychic Rosetta Stone, which enables them to read the symbols and pictures of dreams. Dreams are sublimation; yet because of the fact that they spring



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from our inheritance from earlier civilization, because they are limned by the age-old, unconscious mind, the sublimation is generally at a low level. How high or low this level may be depends upon the Psychic Censor.

From man to man, the Psychic Censor—whether he be what we loosely term soul or personality or character—varies as much as physiognomies. In some of us the censor will permit actions and thoughts which it denies to others. The speech and the mind action of a longshoreman differ from the word and thought of a delicately reared young girl only in so far as their individual censors vary in their rule of the mind machine.

The three life essentials—to keep warm, to keep fed, and to breed—are at the root of all dreams, and since in present-day existence few humans are tortured by cold and hunger, the third impulse is the one that most frequently seeks in sleep gratification of the desire denied and often obscured during waking hours by the Psychic Censor's control of the conscious mind.

In dreams the unregenerate unconscious mind voices various cravings and strives and wrestles with the Psychic Censor for simple expression. The drive is there, but the

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ensor cannot permit it to be expressed in all its revolting simplicity. The mind of civilized man will not endure the open expression of this bald, primitive desire. Man has placed this behind doors in his mental life, as in his physical life he has segregated his bathroom and his bridal chamber. He rebels at having either the mental or actual doors forced open.

Yet the unconscious mind in dreams is thundering at the portal which the Psychic Censor guards. How does the sentinel protect it? And how does the unconscious get by?

The unconscious mind resorts to symbolism. It will not seek to prevent the dream, but it will re clothe it gorgeously, so that it may masquerade through our dream life without being identified by the conscious Psychic Censor as the stark primitive thing that it is.

The psychoanalyst, stripping the dream of the trappings in which it is draped to deceive the Psychic Censor, finds the primitive drive in all its nakedness. These drives, let me reiterate, are but three, and our present easy civilization is able almost invariably to gratify at least two of them in our waking hours.

The man who dreams that he is fleeing

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from a wild bull is sublimating his failure To Be Great in the social or herd life. His business is not going well. He is threatened with misfortune. Yet why does this humiliate and worry him so that he is forced to seek escapement in his dreams? If he fails in his herd life he will no longer be able to achieve those things which he cannot do without—warmth, food, and sex gratification.

A patient came to me recently and related a dream that was an almost perfect example of the sublimation of the failure To Be Great, and was extraordinarily rich in the symbolism which the Psychic Censor had used to cover up and transform the ugliness of the basic drive.

He dreamed, he said, that he was riding along a highway in an automobile, searching for the treasurer of the company of which he was president. Here we have the first important symbol—the officer of his company, whom he cannot find. This is significant of business difficulty.

Finally, he continued, he came to an un-frequented lane branching off at the left of the road. It was grass-grown and barred by an ancient gate. It led to an old house behind which rose a forest. He stopped his automobile, alighted, climbed the gate, and started up the lane to the house. Mark

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once more the symbolism. He has left the highway, a natural and legal road of travel, and is now pursuing his course no longer on the proper road, but through unfrequented and private grounds. This is specially significant when coupled with the earlier symbol of business difficulty.

He finally reached the house, which was brilliantly lighted, and through its windows saw that it was filled "with pirates, beautifully dressed, with turbans and sashes of brilliant hues. They were dancing to music and having a gay time." He laid great stress upon the words I have quoted. They spoke clearly of his love of beauty, self-adornment, pleasure. Even if those who possessed these things were pirates he envied them.

After watching the pirates with fascination and delight he knocked on the door. A hugh pirate opened it.

"I am looking for the treasurer of our company," said the dreamer.

"Oh, we've got him," replied the pirate. "Won't you come in and join us?"

He entered. "Then a curious thing happened. I was led over to the table where a bowl that contained what seemed to be oil stood beside the lamp. The pirate lifted my coat and shirt and bared my skin. He



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dipped his fingers in the oil and passed them about my loins. My legs collapsed—folded up beneath me. I could do nothing.”

Here I interrupted him by saying, “And so the pirates had you, too!”

He started and looked dazed, as though he had just awakened. I could not get him to relate the rest of his dream. Nor was he inclined to discuss it at all, pretending that it was a trivial matter. Here again notice the accuracy of the symbolism used by the “dream artist,” as Freud calls him. The pirates, whose luxury and gayety he had admired, had got him, but through no fault of his own. The oil with its smoothness is symbolic of blameless innocence on the part of the dreamer. The anointing of his loins—from which, since the beginning of time, it has been said that one’s family springs—and the subsequent collapse of his legs is emblematic of an attack upon his family and the sacrifice he is making for their preservation.

The dream artist wastes no stroke of his brush, no drop of pigment. He paints in his dream allegory nothing that does not spring from a definite and actual source in life itself.

In telling me his dream my patient said as plainly as though he had uttered it in blunt words:



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“Because of my love of something which I could not attain legally I have violated established law. As a result I am in grievous difficulty.”

This, I may add, subsequent events proved to be true. That, then, was the foundation of his dream. How did he sublimate it?

Remember the oil and the paralysis which followed, in the dream, the anointing of his loins.

“See,” the man said in his dream, “what has happened has not been my fault. I have been utterly helpless. Why? Because I have been trying to protect my family which sprang from my loins. The trouble that now besets me is not my fault. I have sacrificed myself for my family. Higher than that man may not go.”

And having by sublimation justified his action in his dream he woke refreshed.

Digging down through the strata of the dream we find at its bottom one of the three primal drives of life. Because the dreamer belongs to the world of civilization where warmth and food are plentiful we know almost before we start what we shall unearth.

We see it faintly in the reference to his loins, but more clearly in our interpretation of that reference as applying to his family.

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What lies below that? Bare, stark sex gratification.

In the constantly recurring nightmares of a patient of mine I have found quite clearly the latent content which the manifest denies most emphatically. The dreamer is an intelligent, highly educated man, a writer of no small ability, and an executive of high standing. He is pursued by nightmares that his home has been destroyed by fire or that his automobile has been wrecked upon the highway.

Neither of these catastrophes is the reflection of any conscious wish. The dreams themselves contain no grudge against either the automobile or the house. It is simply that the social use of these things is failing to serve the Archaic side of his nature. Neither of them is aiding him in the attainment of the third of the hungers of his unconscious mind, which obtains some satisfaction by destroying in dreams the things that avail not in his waking hours.

In dealing with the matter of dreams the psychoanalyst must travel back through the twilight of remote and sordid life, deep down to the muck heap of Archaic appetite. All psychoanalysis must go through this channel and finally grub about in this muck heap to search out the latent drive of

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necessity. In the backward search there are way stations before one reaches the final depth. These serve to give us an understanding of the formulæ upon which life is devised and which quite clearly point out the way of unbending Nature.

The simple dream of a patient of mine will serve not only to point out the manifest material of the dream—the twentieth-century station—but also the latent materials which dot the way and finally reach the darkness and slime of our beginning.

This patient is a married woman of wealth and social standing. At the expressed desire of her husband, who saw in her childless life little or no opportunity for self-development, she took up a business career. In the course of time her husband became ill and for almost a year was seriously invalided. The relation of the above facts is necessary to the interpretation of the dream, since they show that the only Archaic food of which she suffered a lack was sex gratification.

She dreamed that while crossing the street she was knocked down by a large, red automobile which ran over her, crushing both her legs. She was carried into her own home and put to bed in her own room. There she lay in her own bed, shut in by the four walls of her chamber. She remembered

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how satisfied and contented she was. The paper upon the walls was most harmonious and agreeable to look upon. The crushed legs gave her neither pain nor regret. She was quite satisfied with her lot.

The manifest "I want" of this dream is quite clear. She was tired of work. She wanted to remain at home. The Psychic Censor has seen to it here that no law of herd life has been interfered with. The fact that she remained at home because her legs were crushed does not belie the purpose of civilization which begins with co-operation in another's wishes. This, then, is the first station in our journey back into the past.

But the injury took place while crossing the street. Let this mark the starting point of the second stage of our journey. This indicates a change in the conduct of her life. She must cross to the other side of the street. And why not? Her husband is an invalid. She must herself attend from now on to things that were hitherto left entirely to him. With this the Psychic Censor can find no fault, either. Then came the crash.

We have progressed far toward first principles, for in asking my patient why she saw the machine that knocked her down as red instead of blue or black or green she lost all her former willingness to co-operate and



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became impatient, even angry. Clearly, here was something which the Psychic Censor was having some difficulty in handling. We have passed the outposts of civilization.

Why knocked down? Why legs? Why such joy and satisfaction in going to bed? And why all the excitement, the rapid heart-beats, the quickened respiration of which she told while relating the dream incident? The Psychic Censor denies all concurrence in the affair. My patient becomes angry and finally exclaims, "That may all be so, but why delve into the slums of the past, since we are well out of them?"

"Madam," I replied, "we no longer kill our meat in public, but have we discarded or even refined the process of slaughtering? Are we really so well out of it, after all? To man in his very earliest make-up sex hunger was to him as natural as his appetites for food and water. He took them because he needed them. The elaboration of them into life and conduct was no affair of Archaic man, for he had no conscious mind."

Only the physician and the psychologist realize the strength of that dark current that runs, irresistible, yet hidden, through the life of humanity. To the average man or woman, appreciation of its force and the



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responsibility it bears for many of what we call our highest impulse would be a bitter and tremendous shock.

The psychologist, human himself, recognizes but does not judge. His is the labor of delving to the foundations of thought and then laying what he has found before the world, without condemnation, without apology. To those who shrink and shudder at his findings he says:

““He that is without sin among you, let him, first, cast a stone.’”

He knows full well that the missile flung will come from the hand of a conscious or unconscious hypocrite.

## X

### DREAMS—II

THIS is the story of a woman who became a horse, who was transformed in the flash of one second from a middle-aged, discouraged little dressmaker into a neighing, snorting, prancing animal—a horse embodied in human form.

It is a true tale, every word of it. To this I can testify, for she was my patient. For over a year I worked with the horse-woman. For months I fought that animal obsession that had assumed control of her mind machine. And eventually I witnessed its death and watched the conscious mind struggle back to the place that was rightfully its own. The whinnying, pawing thing that galloped about the room, that snorted at its food, that tossed its head and rolled its eyes in as perfect an imitation of a horse as the human body could achieve, is to-day a middle-aged little dressmaker again. She is quite as sane as those persons who examined her a few years ago and dismissed a condition they did

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not understand with the verdict that she was "crazy."

Here, at the beginning, let me pause and reiterate the inviolable laws that lie at the bottom of all human action—the great Three Commandments of Nature that no man can break and live.

I. Live; keep the body fed, keep it warm.

II. Achieve; attain success; follow the To-Be-Great desire.

III. Propagate; perpetuate yourself; gratify the sex impulse.

These are the primal laws of life that man must fulfill. These are the things that Nature demands of every human. How he answers them rests with himself. They must find outlet and expression in some form.

If they do not receive full recognition in man's waking life, they seek escapement in dreams. If the demand becomes too great and violent for dreams to handle or sublimation to attend to, something has to give way. The flood becomes so high that the dam breaks.

Keep in mind also one other psychological law: man follows what he believes to be the most successful way of obtaining life's three great fundamentals—existence, achievement, sex gratification. Through experience he evolves formulas which he employs to that

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end. In other words, man is what he is because he finds that so being pays him best.

These are the motives upon which the case of the horse-woman was built—obedience to Nature's Three Commandments and the evolution of a formula through which they can be followed most successfully.

The woman who became a horse was born on a farm. There she spent her childhood. Her father died and her mother married again. When she became older the girl turned her energies to dressmaking. She was deft with her needle and possessed a knack of designing and embroidering shirt-waists that brought her in a competence from the people of the near-by village and, equally important, much praise for the quality of her work.

"Mary," her neighbors told her, "I declare it's plain wonderful what you can do with a needle. Child, you shouldn't bury yourself on a farm all your life. You ought to go to the city and make a heap of money. Indeed you ought!"

Here in the little country community Mary was keeping her body fed and warm. She was achieving. Yet the call of the city sounded in her ears. She wanted more, and her friends who admired her work assured her that she could get more in town.

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She came to New York into an atmosphere as different from the quiet friendly life of her little village as a bank lobby is from a fire-side. She took a bleak room high up in a cheap lodging house. Then she went forth with high hopes to conquer New York as she had conquered her own home.

She went the dreary round of department stores and got a few orders for shirtwaists. She also obtained some private customers and did work for them.

Her fellow lodgers watched her day by day going out and coming in, but with the innate aloofness of New Yorkers they said little to her. Week by week she grew thinner and paler and a desperate look came to be stamped on the face of Mary, whose work had been acclaimed by the friendly inhabitants of a little up-state town.

Then one day a terrific noise came from the room of her whom the other lodgers had grown to know for her mouselike quiet. There was a thumping and a crashing and the sound of neighing and something galloping to and fro. Those who peered in slammed the door and then ran, white of face, for the police. For Mary, the demure, the sober, was cantering madly about, knocking over chairs and bric-à-brac, snorting, kicking, and prancing.



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A policeman overpowered her and said she was "crazy." An ambulance surgeon examined her and said she was "crazy." She was taken to a city hospital, where other surgeons put her in the psychopathic ward, saying she was "crazy."

A week or so later a colleague laughed at me when I happened to remark, in the course of a conversation upon psychoanalysis, that a man was what he was because it paid him best.

"Nonsense!" said my friend. "Why, I know of a woman who thinks she is a horse. Day and night she is nothing else. How can you explain that?"

"Her brain may be affected," I answered. "Is there a lesion somewhere?"

"None whatever," was his reply. "She is somewhat anæmic from undernourishment, but otherwise there is absolutely nothing wrong with her physically. Yet she insists on playing that she is a horse. I suppose," he added with a laugh, "you would claim she does that because it pays her best."

"I should like to see her and get her history before answering that," I responded.

A day or so later I saw the horse-woman for the first time. She was grotesque, yet there was something impressive about the manner in which she walked, trotted, gal-

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loped about the room, tossed her head, shied off when anyone approached. A violently imaginative person might have said that the soul of a horse had entered her body.

“Well,” queried the physicians who accompanied me after I had watched her for a few minutes, “what’s your diagnosis?”

“I have none, yet,” I answered, “except for this—she is not insane. If you will notice, she is giving a most realistic imitation of a horse. There is nothing incongruous about it. She is horse-perfect. If her brain were injured she could not be. She is not only not ‘crazy,’ but she is a person with a well-developed observational mind pretending for some reason that she is a horse.”

In the next few days, by letter and personal inquiry, I had learned enough of the horse-woman’s past history to be able to plot out the forces that worked together to bring about the climax which occurred when her fellow lodgers discovered her cantering and neighing about her room.

Save for its final chapter it was an not unusual story. It was the well-worn tale of the man or woman, great in his or her own little circle, who broke away to become great in New York.

Mary had slowly starved, physically and mentally. Her anæmic condition was proof

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that her body had not received the food it needed. Her transformation into a horse was no less proof that her mind had been denied what it required.

She had no friends in the city. She had no money to buy friends or recreation. The shirtwaists that she sold to stores and to private customers did not bring in enough money for her to live comfortably, and they supplied none of the mental food which her mind required.

In the little village where she had grown up each of her new creations was received with exclamations of delight and praise by the person for whom it was made. The shirtwaists she sold to stores brought in no such return. If they were not what the buyer wanted there was complaint. If they were satisfactory she got her money, but no mental pay in words of thanks and appreciation.

With her private customers it was no better. Here when she delivered her creations a wooden-faced butler met her at the door, took the bundle, and, after remarking, "Madame will send you a check," slammed it in her face. Sometimes the check was forthcoming. Sometimes it wasn't. So Mary, the great dressmaker of a little town, was robbed of all her greatness in the city.

"Live!" Nature commanded. "Keep your

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body fed and warmed. Achieve; attain success; feed the To-Be-Great desire."

She had not sufficient money to obey the first mandate. She could get none of the material of praise and appreciation to follow the second.

Dreams through their sublimation did what they could to furnish her relief, but the drive was too big for all of its force to be carried off by this escapement. It accumulated from day to day and finally something gave way. Something snapped.

"Something snapped"—that is the best explanation that science can give a phenomenon that occurs from time to time in an overtaxed mind. Under certain conditions, when the mental mechanism is operating under a tremendous strain, there comes an instant when the conscious is disconnected and scrapped and the unconscious assumes control. "Something snaps." The expression is indefinite and entirely pragmatic, but it is based on the observation of thousands of cases.

For Mary, life could not be made to pay at the reasoning level. The formula which she followed to obtain life, achievement, and sex gratification—the three fundamentals—had proved false. She found herself in the same condition as the Prodigal Son before he

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rose and went to his father. And since like conditions produce similar reactions on the mind machine, the woman probably said to herself many times, "Why, the horses in my stepfather's stable are much better off than I am!"

Then the snap came. She laid down the reasoning life from which she had been unable to gain sufficient mental and physical food. She became a horse. And a horse she remained for many months. Why not? As a horse she got plenty of food. As a reasoning human she had not been able to get that. As a horse she attained recognition; she achieved attention. She had been robbed of that food, too, in the life she had discarded. So she snorted and galloped and acted perfectly the part of a horse, while men called her "crazy" because she had chosen the quickest and easiest way to get what she had been starving for.

A friend and patient of mine, a man of wealth, became interested in her case. At my instance he had her removed from the hospital to a quiet sanitarium in Westchester. There conditions that surrounded her were pleasanter and better than they had been in the city institution. But being a horse had obtained this for her, and a horse she remained.



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Almost daily I visited her. I sat and talked to her quietly while she whinnied and cantered about the room, never once violating her characterization. She gobbled her food like a horse. She never used her hands as anything but hoofs. She remained horse-perfect.

She became a human again because the collie dog of my brother, who lived not far from the sanitarium, presented him with a litter of puppies. This gave into my hand material with which I might work effectively.

The horse-woman was getting food and warmth. She was obeying the first of Nature's Three Commandments. She was achieving and obtaining recognition, thus fulfilling the second. It must, therefore, be by the force of the third, and that alone, that her regeneration could be accomplished.

Sex desire and mother instinct are closely interwoven. By the fluffy, solemn-faced collie pups I hoped to appeal to the latter and drive her back to the life of reason by breaking through the horse impersonation which she followed so perfectly.

One morning I appeared at her room with the four fat balls of fluff squalling and tumbling over one another in a large market basket. I did not show them to her or call her attention to them in any way. I placed the basket by my chair and began my usual

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chat with her. It was really a monologue delivered without any encouragement whatever from her. She continued to snort and trot about the room. Once or twice, when the puppies yapped or whined, I caught her rolling her eyes toward them, but she still remained a horse.

On my next visit I brought the pups again. This time while talking I reached into the basket, drew one of them out, and patted it while continuing my conversation. Again I saw her watch them, but I made no attempt to show them to her nor did I refer to them in my talk.

This went on for a week or more. Then came the great day, the day on which the mother instinct, the sex drive of the Archaic, broke the horse impersonation.

Still talking, I rose, left the collies in their basket at my chairside, and began to stroll about the room. The horse-woman sniffed suspiciously and edged away, but I took no notice of that and continued to wander about, looking from the window, gazing at the pictures on the walls. As much as possible I kept my back toward the basket where the puppies were tumbling over one another. It was hard to talk calmly and indifferently when I saw that she was watching them and edging near them.

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I sauntered to the far end of the room and pretended to be greatly interested in a picture that hung there. Mirrored in its glass I could see the puppy basket and the horse-woman inching up toward it. Presently she stood beside it, watching the alluring pups, and now and again darting a glance at me to see if I were observing her. I continued to talk and look at the picture.

One of the yellow balls of down rose on his unsteady legs and whined appealingly at the horse-woman standing above him. Breathlessly I watched a hand creep down and furtively fondle his soft coat.

I knew at that moment a hoof had dropped away from that hand and we had won!

Within a week the quickened mother instinct had so far subdued the horse impersonation that she, who had been Mary the dressmaker and would be again, was able to sit with the puppies clambering about in her lap while I talked to her.

We had subdued the obsession. The work now was to bring her wholly back to the life of reason and to make that existence pay at a reasoning level. I urged her to sew, and within a few weeks the hands that had been hoofs for a year were plying a needle and thread again. I ordered shirtwaists from her and I paid her well for them.

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Horrible, nightmare things they were at first, without any form and with stitching wide and irregular, yet, thanks to the aid of my friend, we bought everything she made. She saved her money, and as she watched it grow she reached out and took a firmer hold on rational life. Presently she began to buy things with it—delicacies and flowers, and eventually material for more shirtwaists.

As her mind returned to reason so did the work of her hands. At the end of two years all of her old skill had come back. We saw to it that she obtained a market for everything she made. We praised her work and told her what a wonderful person she was.

For the first time since she left her home to come to the city her old formula of life was returning enough food, heat, and achievement to satisfy her. Daily she held more firmly to it.

She is back in her home now, where she enjoys the reputation of being the best dressmaker in the county. A staid and prim and respectable person is Mary. If you were to tell her the story of the woman who became a horse to get what she needed out of life she would be sure that woman had been crazy and would rather suspect that you, who told about her, were also demented.

## XI

### PSYCHOPATHIC AND PSYCHOPHYSICAL

A MILLION years ago Nature drove a collective bargain with all mankind. Upon the shoulders of each of us at birth is placed the responsibility of fulfilling throughout existence our individual shares in that contract.

“I will give you life,” the stern old mother of us all has said to humanity, “but in return for my gift you must spend your days in achieving three things without which you cannot continue existence—Food, Sex Gratification, Recognition and Success.”

So man goes about the world, endlessly bargaining and trading for the satisfaction of these three demands. Normally, and if his environment is suitable to his normality, his conscious mind controls his bartering.

But the conscious mind is not always a far-seeing, resourceful purchaser. Time after time it drives unfortunate man into a bargain from which he finds he cannot realize food to supply Nature's triple command. Trapped



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by the lack of foresight, his conscious mind is faced with an unendurable condition. He must fight his way out of the ambushade into which he has fallen.

He turns for aid in the battle that is before him, not to the conscious, but the unconscious mind—his Archaic self—and the old Adam that slumbers in all of us girds up his loins for war. Consciously man has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. This the Archaic will not have. Straightway he repudiates that sale and attempts from his own inherited knowledge to fulfill man's bargain with Nature.

But the Archaic will work only with material in which it has had experience. It will get for man the three things he needs, but will obtain them in all probability at a level far below that of present-day standards of life.

Through direction of the Archaic a psychopathic condition, such as overcame the horse-woman, may develop. Or a formula for existence may be laid down that will bring a result at a higher level, but yet may develop into what science now terms a psychoneurosis.

It was not many years ago that all the world looked indifferently upon persons who were struggling with the aid of the Archaic

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to free themselves from an impossible bargain and termed them all "crazy." Because their thoughts and actions did not harmonize with modern standards, society refused to recognize them as normal units in the scheme of things. They were eliminated and shut away in asylums—dumped into the ash barrel.

The attitude of the world in general has changed but little. The average man to-day dismisses the words and actions of his brother which he does not understand with a shrug of the shoulders and the remark: "Aw, he's crazy! He's a regular nut." Yet the "crazy" man and his judge are working for precisely the same three ends toward which all life struggles, and the procedure of the "nut" may be much more logical and effective than that of his scornful denouncer.

Lately, however, science has adopted a more charitable spirit toward the men and women whom it formerly dumped into the ash barrel. Science is beginning to go over the contents of this receptacle, and to find there many cast-offs, heretofore decreed useless, which only need readjustment and a better opportunity to satisfy the desires for food and warmth, sex gratification, and To Be Great. When these were accom-

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plished the "crazy" people were crazy no longer. They reassumed the responsibilities of life with their conscious minds, abandoned the directions of the Archaic and became normal men and women again.

That work of rehabilitation, begun so recently, is extending rapidly. Science has learned that the man who thinks he is Napoleon Bonaparte may not be insane at all, but merely a psychopathic case in which the Archaic has resorted to radical measures to obtain what life must have.

The man or woman who becomes erratic and abnormal in a certain environment may be merely a "Psychophysical case" (Fechner's law). The peculiar composition of the body may be such that it cannot endure the climate into which it is thrust. Unable to obtain the three great needs under these conditions, the Archaic has begun to clamor for change.

Again, a person who is weighted down by some special obsession may be only a victim of a formula laid down by the Archaic early in life and followed slavishly through it because it always supplied Nature's Three Commandments. In other words, he or she may be suffering from a "Psychoneurosis."

A few years ago I was standing on the porch of a big summer hotel when a man who

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had been pacing up and down for a half hour mopping his face nervously and looking eagerly down the driveway, rushed up to me and blurted:

“Doctor, they tell me you are both a psychologist and a practicing physician. For God’s sake do something for me. I can’t stand this much longer!” He then explained that each day his wife was accustomed to go out during the afternoon in his automobile. “If she doesn’t get back on time,” he said, “I suffer the agony of the damned. I see her lying dead or injured somewhere along the road. My imagination tortures me until I feel that I can’t stand it longer without losing my mind.”

He was so agitated that I did not express the first thought that came to my mind—that he had assumed this attitude because he had found somewhere in his past that it had paid. He sat beside me and we chatted for a few minutes.

What did he think of conditions in Wall Street? Oh, they were in a fearful state! The whole financial structure seemed to be crumbling. Everything was going to wrack and ruin. And the country in general? (This was before we joined in the war upon Germany.) Deplorable. We were drifting into a disastrous conflict. Germany was too

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strong. She would conquer first Europe and then us. As for the asininity of the present administration—

So his conversation ran, always in the most pessimistic tone, always with an apparent effort to voice the worst thing possible that could transpire in any situation. Again he returned to his wife and the obsession that gripped him when she went off in their car in the afternoon. It was now five-thirty, he said, with an obvious attempt to control his voice. She had said that she would be back by four. Perhaps she—

Here I interrupted him. "I am going to give you your life history," I said, "a history of area, rather than spot, truth. I am going to try to diagnose the conditions which you were bound to face as a boy.

"The money-maker in your family when you were a child—presumably your father—was unable, for some reason—any reason—to cope successfully with life. As a result there was great distress in your family while you were very young. You felt this, but were unable to help ease the condition. As you became old enough to make a little money for yourself the pinch continued. You worked hard and gave all that you earned to hold your family together. From your earliest childhood on you were obliged



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to look ahead *for trouble* in order to avoid it. There was always plenty for you to look forward to. As a result you became a specialist in looking for trouble and dodging it. The habit formed by your unconscious mind to help you get the things you needed for life clung to you as you grew older. I can see that you are well off, but I'll wager that you have never given much thought as to whether you are a rich man or poor. Your chief aim in life has been to look forward and prepare yourself for the coming *misfortune*. As a result money has come to you, but it has rolled in behind you only half observed. You have built up a *psycho-neurosis* which forces you to look upon the darker side of every question."

He looked startled and then smiled. "Yes," he admitted, "I confess that you have hit it about right. It is true that my father was unable to support his family. He died and I was called on to help hold things together when I was only a little boy. I suppose that is what is the trouble. But my wife isn't home yet—"

"Friend," I replied, "many times now, possibly hundreds of times, you have watched your wife go off in your car. Each time you have bet yourself that she wouldn't come back. Each of these hundreds of times you

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have lost. Is it intelligent to keep playing this system any longer? Why not bet the other way for a change and win sometimes?"

He smiled again and looked relieved. "That is a good idea," he said. "I'll try it."

In the horse-woman of the last chapter and the man whose conversation I have recorded above we have examples of two classes into which science has grouped those once called "crazy" — the psychopathic, whose mind has become completely under the sway of the Archaic so that to all outward appearances she is insane, although there is no lesion to explain the insanity, and the psychoneurotic, who, because of some experience in his past, has been unable to shake off the influence of the formula adopted at that time by his unconscious mind.

There still remains the third group: those whose normal lives are beclouded and altered because of the cry of the Archaic against some bodily discomfort or accident. This is the psychophysical.

Up from the unplumbed pit of First Things the body and mind of man have journeyed together. They have advanced side by side. They have evolved, changed in shape and mechanism, become specialized in unison. They are bound together, interwoven, entangled inextricably.

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From the first breath of a living thing body and mind work side by side. The chick upon hatching scratches for a living. Why? Partly because of inherited knowledge, but also because the shape of the body fits it for no other method of procedure. The baby turns naturally to the mother's breast and suckles, impelled by the same drives of body and mind.

Through all existence the close association of mind and body continues. In its house of living tissue the mind dwells, a jealous tenant. No alteration can be made upon its habitation, whether by accident, the surgeon's knife, or an oppressive climate, without exercising a direct effect on its inhabitant.

A man of twenty-five is blinded in battle and immediately a terrific psychic change takes place. He loses a leg or an arm and there is an alteration of his point of view. His attitude toward the world of reality must change or he will die for lack of the three great needs. A pronounced blond is set down in a tropical climate; again a physical and mental overturning result.

These things are facts, and upon a foundation of a vast multitude of such facts science has established its pragmatic warrant that shape and color are bound to affect man's psychic holdings.

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From this broad general ruling finer and more significant laws have been deduced. Shape, we have seen, partly controls the destiny of the chick and the baby.

Science has developed this discovery much farther. Divergencies in shape among men themselves, it says, even variations in their color—the amount of pigmentation in their skins, hair, and eyes—have a distinct psychic bearing on their attitude toward their environments and their world of reality.

In fathoming the psychophysical laws set forth below psychology has joined hands with anthropology and ethnology and has also drawn some of its conclusions from the advanced practice of surgery and medicine.

Through the general use of the X ray science discovered why it was that white men living in the tropics suffered from physical and mental deterioration. England learned early in the history of her world empire that white troops could remain in India only a certain time before their morale gave way under the climatic conditions encountered there. Why?

The X ray answered. Its development had not progressed far before men learned that it could inflict terrific damage upon the human body, not only externally, but internally. That was the first step.

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Later it was found that blond persons—those with little pigmentation in their skins—were injured more easily by the penetrating actinic ray—the so-called X ray—than were their brothers of a more swarthy complexion. Clearly, then, the pigmentation of the human body served to guard against the injurious effects of the X ray.

The southern races, in their development, had built up in their own bodies a protection against those rays. Since their climatic and geographical location made no provision for the resisting or diffusing of the actinic sun ray, Nature had provided each individual with a resisting or diffusing mechanism of his own—his swarthy skin, his “mellonotic” gift. On the other hand, the northern races had evolved without need of excessive pigmentation. The cloud banks, made up by the great seaway moistures, supplied the means for resisting and diffusing this actinic ray. They were blonds. But when transported to a tropic clime the actinic rays tore through the unguarded tissue and in a short time made further existence there unendurable.

I recollect finding in a little Arizona town a big Swede who had been sent to that arid region in the hope that he might be able to shake himself free from tuberculosis. People in the town said that he had gone



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crazy. All day long he would lie on the porch of his shack, inert and apparently suffering. To all questions and suggestions he returned one answer:

“I want to lie out in the rain!”

Here was a man who consciously knew nothing of the effect of the fierce sun rays upon his unprotected blond self. His Archaic mind had come to the rescue to the best of its ability and had succeeded in voicing the desire of his body. But no one understood, not even himself.

His condition was purely psychophysical—color here was affecting his psychic holdings and his attitude toward the world of reality.

Eventually I had him removed to upper California where the moist cloud banks were a shield from the arrows of the sun that were slaying him as though they had been of steel and ash. His “craziness” left him. To-day he is still alive and again normal.

All mankind sprang originally from one of two great fountainheads of humanity: in the north dwelt the great blond people who were eventually destined to go forth in a conquering march across the world. In the south developed the dark folk, with skins equipped to turn the deadly rays of the sun. The vast stretch of evolution through

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which they progressed molded their bodies and minds on widely divergent models.

In the north the air was cold. Hence the nose of man adapted itself accordingly. It grew large and developed an angle, a bump on its bridge, so that the heating passage might be lengthened to raise the temperature of the atmosphere before it entered the lungs.

Man in the south had no such problem. Therefore his nose developed little. It was short and shallow—sometimes little more than two apelike holes in his face.

Man of the equatorial lands was prevented by the heat from strenuous labor. Besides, there was no need for it. Food grew in the lush tropical jungles in abundance. He had only to reach forth his hand to obtain it. Houses were little more than flimsy protections from the rain. There was nothing to drive him to physical exercise.

Northern man had to work hard to live. The stern climate, the rigorous winters, forced him to tremendous physical endeavor to obey the first of Nature's Three Commandments—Live. His lungs became deep; his muscles strong; his heart large and powerful. He became adapted for violent action. He became the "doer."

One other broad distinction also evolved—a color distinction. Southern man had to

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shield his eyes as well as his body from the rays of the sun. They became excessively pigmented also, dark, filled with a sun-resisting substance termed "melonin."

Protected by the fog and mist and cloud of his northern home, blond man required no such protection. His eyes remained light—either blue or gray.

Let us get a picture of the two extremes in human development. The man of the north—hook-nosed, fair of hair and skin, deep of chest, strong of heart, loving action, blue or gray eyed. Man of the south—short or flat nosed, dark of hair and skin and eye, shallow-chested, with a small heart, deliberate in his motion.

The north-man, because of his body that cried for activity, sought achievement and recognition on land and sea. The southern man, because life was rich and existence easy, turned to thought in his search for greatness. He became the philosopher, the thinker, the founder of religions. His blond brother became the doer—the sailor, the soldier, the leader.

Because the man of the south thought while his counterpart in the north acted, their cranial forms also diverged. The northern man used his body to get greatness. This expanded, while his brain did not push

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against the skull. His forehead remained sloping. The southern man's brain grew more than his body. His forehead became high and rounded.

In the thousands of years since this distinction was first established and since the two types of man developed to their most divergent stage, the world has become linked and interwoven with means of communication. Ships and railroads have married these two divergent types. As a result, races that hitherto were as cut off from one another as though they lived on different planets have met and intermingled.

The vast majority of the Western World to-day is neither pure blond nor pure brunet. The races have fused and become one. But the fusion is not perfect. In each of us one or the other breed predominates. Man has a blond and a brunet percentage. The one that is dominant determines in large part his destiny.

The man with the hooked nose, the receding forehead, the fair skin is still the man of action. Place him in a position of quiescence for any great length of time, where contemplative thought is required, and he is unhappy. If the blond is strong enough his condition becomes unendurable.

On the other hand, give the dark-eyed,

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swarthy-skinned man with the high forehead and short nose work demanding chiefly physical exertion, and he will object or, if the drive is strong enough, openly resist it. He is the thinker, the philosopher.

Here we have the psychophysical at work again—shape and color are exercising a definite effect upon man's conduct in the world of reality.

Were man more skilled in weighing the influence of his racial ancestry—his physical qualities—his mind might oftener drive successful bargains with the world for the three great things that Nature has decreed he must obtain in order to live.



## XII

### BLONDS AND BRUNETS

A MAN who harnessed his delicately constructed, carefully finished touring car to a gang of plows for the purpose of turning up a field should not complain if thereafter his neighbors hinted that he was insane. If, in addition, he was accustomed to take his family for pleasure trips along the highway in a snorting, iron-shod farm tractor, he might sooner or later become the subject of a commission in lunacy.

It would not be so much the wastefulness of his action that would irritate beholders as it would be the apparent inability of the owner of the touring car and the tractor to understand the legitimate use of his machines.

Yet—to carry the analogy a step farther—the farmer who guffawed at the sight of his neighbor doing his plowing by touring car might return to his home and without a qualm lead to the woodshed for punishment his dark-eyed, snub-nosed son who would rather sit and read history than spade up the garden.

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And after shaking his head at the sight of his neighbor rolling along the road in a tractor he would see nothing incongruous in his indignation toward his gray-eyed, hooked-nose older son who wanted to be a sailor rather than go to the normal school.

Nor would he, in sorrowing over the stubbornness of the younger generation, ever think that he was maltreating machinery quite as flagrantly as his neighbor.

Man, mentally and physically, is a machine. Science knows this and the world is gradually accepting this view. But society, after accepting, has not yet taken the next forward step. But the mechanism of each individual differs from all others. And the purpose for which every separate machine has been designed can almost always be told from the man's face.

Man is a machine with the directions for use written on his physiognomy—which society in general neglects to read. Through this omission much of the unrest and discontent in the world has developed, and psychologists have been forced to recognize and attempt to cope with the protests of the psychophysical against unendurable conditions of life.

Through neglect, ignorance, and economic pressure time after time the blond, hooked-

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nosed man is forced into a sedentary, contemplative occupation, and the brunet with shallow nose is obliged to win his livelihood by bodily sweat. The tractor is used as a pleasure car; the touring car is pressed into service for plowing.

Eventually, under such circumstances, a break must come in the human and material mechanisms. Man revolts, unconsciously or consciously, against unendurable conditions. He becomes ill, or he throws over his job and quits, or he continues to labor while muttering the doctrine of the I. W. W. and the Bolsheviki.

Already we have enumerated the basic forces that lie behind this tremendous problem of the present. We have seen how through hundreds of years the racial barriers have been broken down and the integrity of the pure blond and pure brunet has been in large part lost. In most of us lies inheritance from both races. But in nearly all one or the other—the heritage of the thinker or the doer—predominates.

The dominant drive is indicated almost infallibly by facial conformation. Nose with a bump, receding forehead, and light eyes—a doer; shallow nose, prominent forehead, and eyes darkened with the sun-resisting substance melonin—a thinker. If man is

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blond of eye he will love the sea, where damp clouds keep the actinic rays of the sun from searing him; if brunet of eye he will love the uplands and arid regions.

After more than two years' observation and an investigation among more than a thousand sailors in various parts of the country I have found that more than 90 per cent are light-eyed. During the war I had occasion to visit a naval hospital near New York in company with another physician.

"You will find," I told him before we entered, "that at least eight out of ten patients here will be dark-eyed."

There were eighty patients in the ward we visited. All of them had dark eyes. For some reason these men had gone against their heritage. Though the sun-resisting, philosophical type predominated in their make-up, they had sought the sea. They had run contrary to the directions for existence stamped upon their faces, and their machinery had broken down.

Intermarriage between the people of the north and south has given to their children, as we have said, a mixed inheritance. In other words, in most of us two drives are clamoring for satisfaction. A man may be 70 per cent brunet and only 30 per cent blond.

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If he has been fortunate he will be engaged in some sedentary occupation. But the time will come when the brunet drive within him will have been satisfied and the demands of his blond inheritance will be heard.

He will desert his desk suddenly to tramp the hills, or play golf, or satisfy the clamor of the doer in his cosmos in some similar way, to return later and take up his work with the brunet 70 per cent of himself again.

But he must satisfy the 30 per cent. He cannot dally with Nature, or else he "goes stale." If he trifles too long with the desire for exercise of the starved blond part of him, illness, mental or physical, grips him and drags him away from work that has become abhorrent.

Society has made one concession to this dual make-up of man. It has decreed that each year the worker must have a vacation. In a week or two the blond must gratify his brunet cravings for the coming year; the brunet must satisfy his impulse to be a doer. Could the perfect work be devised for each individual—could civilization read the formula of man's composition accurately and set him at labor which would gratify both sides of his make-up—there would be no need of vacation, for man would



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obtain all that he desired while continuing to advance the welfare of the race.

But civilization, thus far, has made little attempt to read the label at all. Because of this neglect endless unhappiness, long series of tragedies that have their root in what the world calls inefficiency and idleness, ensue.

Take a fifty-fifty man—one in whom the blond and brunet inheritance are evenly divided. Unless he can be placed in some form of labor where thought and contemplation are evenly balanced with physical exertion, he is foredoomed to whole or partial failure. At work in an iron foundry, or on a farm, he cannot compete on equal terms with one whose inheritance is 80 per cent blond. He will be branded as “lazy” or “good for nothing” unless in his few hours of daily relaxation he is able to satisfy the brunet portion of him.

Make him a teacher or a lawyer and you will have the same result. He will idle away his time or come to the point where he can no longer stand exercising only the brunet half of himself and quit. Through no fault of his own his life may end in stark tragedy because society gives him no fair chance to satisfy equally the demands of his heritage.

Again, the gloom of impending tragedy

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always seems to me to hang over a child with prominent forehead and turned-up nose who is being reared without higher education. Yet, because our civilization has not yet learned to read the label which says, "Here is a person who will make a good teacher, lawyer, historian, philosopher, but will be a failure as a day laborer," little attention is paid to this neglect.

The child with shallow nose and bulging forehead will never be able to compete on equal terms with the doers—the large-hearted, slanting foreheads with their bumped noses and deep lungs. Nature destined him to be a thinker—and a society that does not see to it that he receives the education to fortify him for that end is dooming the child to misery.

Not only that. Society is creating a menace for itself. Philosophy, logic, reason will flow from a child when he reaches manhood as readily from ignorance and a warped viewpoint as they might have from the clear enlightenment he has been denied.

If through unfortunate circumstances he has been barred from the legitimate nourishment afforded in schools and universities, he will feed his intellect upon the bastard gospel promulgated by other starvelings like himself—those pathetic inefficients who preach

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the overthrow of a system that has turned a deaf ear to the cry of their inheritance. He will become an anarchist, an I. W. -W., a Bolshevik.

The high forehead, the upturned nose have been completely ignored by society. The touring car has been hitched to the plow, and because of this blind ignorance of human mechanics the machine has been ruined. It makes a poor tractor and after being used for this purpose it can never run swiftly and smoothly along the highways for which it was destined.

The shallow-nosed child with a tremendous brain space makes an inefficient laborer and can never march in his proper place in the advancing ranks of triumphant human development.

Little less tragic is the case of the large-nosed, slanting-foreheaded lad plunged against his will into work which denies his active body its inheritance.

Only recently I stopped in the office of a merchant friend who showed me with a despairing gesture a boy sound asleep, his head on the desk in front of him.

"He's hopeless," said my friend. "He's the son of — (a large stockholder in the concern). He's supposed to be learning the business. He's stupid and idle and spends

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most of his time in the office asleep. I don't know what we are going to do with him."

The boy's forehead was slanting. His nose had a pronounced bump.

"What is his work?" I asked, and was told that he had been tried out as a clerk and had gone to sleep; had been tried as a book-keeper and had gone to sleep; and at last had been placed as door-tender to the office and had continued to spend a large part of his time in slumber.

To one with any skill at all in reading Nature's facial label the solution of the case was plain. Here was a boy, with a tremendously dominant blond percentage in his make-up, placed in work where he could not fulfill its demands. I became friendly with him and thus got many of his dreams. They were indeed most interesting, for they were all of physical prowess. On sea and land his deeds of valor were Jules Verne and Jack London rolled into one. He was too civilized to leave his post. The drive was strong and would not be denied and the poor lad was handling it in a perfectly natural way. In his dreams he was gratifying desires he could not satisfy in his waking hours.

To my frankly skeptical friend I explained the matter. To-day the lad is an asset to the firm which formerly regarded him as a

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distinct detriment. But he is a traveling salesman for the company—on the road most of the time, adventuring, seeing new faces, making conquests in his firm's campaign for success. He has been given work as a doer, not as a thinker. He is drowsy no longer, for he is satisfying in his waking life what he hitherto could pacify only through dreams.

So it is with all mankind, save for those inconsiderable few who have the intelligence and the opportunity to regulate their work in accordance with the demands of their blond and brunet inheritances. Each must be fed, and if one, through circumstances, is starved, sooner or later the break must come with such consequences as illness, idleness, indifference, or open revolt.

If we apply the acid test of this anthropological truth to the phenomenon that society has grown to call "mob conduct," we find that this problem is by no means insoluble, but breaks up quickly into certain basic truths.

Of recent years, manifestations of this mob conduct have multiplied with alarming rapidity. Strikes, boycotts, walkouts, riots, the tidal wave of Bolshevism are all examples of it and all can be traced back to anthropological inheritances battling against the con-



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ditions imposed on man by modern society and industry.

The growth of the labor movement and the increasing solidarity among the workers is not responsible primarily for the discontent that is ageing employers before their time. Rather, the entire history of union growth is the outcome of the underlying trouble.

As industry has developed, the activities of man in industry have correspondingly narrowed. In earlier years the craftsman worked not only with his hands, but with his brain. He turned the spokes for a wagon on his lathe, but he was also looking ahead to fitting those spokes in the hub, to fashioning the axles, to assembling the body. While his hands were at work with the spokes, his mind was contemplating the finished wagon that was to be the work of those hands.

Thus the labor of the maker of vehicles fifty or sixty years ago was diversified. It afforded satisfaction for both his blond and his brunet inheritance—his desire to do and his desire to think constructively. Therefore the craftsman was reasonably content with his employment.

Since then, in the vast strides that industry has made, the work of man has become more and more specialized. There has been a definite cleavage. Man is no longer

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both a thinker and a worker. He is one or the other—either an executive who does not exert his body, but does the contemplative, constructive thinking for a hundred or a thousand bodies, or else a laborer or mechanic who thinks scarcely at all, but is concerned only in repeating over and over throughout the working day one small step toward the completion of the firm's product.

Labor has been robbed of its diversity—the element that hitherto stood for contentment. There are few vehicle builders to-day; few men who create with their own hands and minds a wagon out of the raw material spread before them.

Visit a factory of the wagon's modern successor, the automobile, and what do we see? In one room a hundred men who do nothing throughout their working hours but bore a little hole in one special place in one specially formed piece of steel. In another a like number devote all their labor to cutting threads on the end of another piece of steel. In a third, men do nothing but fasten two steel plates together by bolts.

Efficiency and the pressure of modern competition have robbed labor of its diversity, have stolen the worker's vision. He no longer is able to think ahead as he labors to the next step he is to undertake,

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and the next, and the next, and finally to the moment when the completed car will roll forth, the work of his hands—the product of the thinker and the doer in his nature, the gratification of his desire To Be Great.

All that has been taken from him. He sits at a bench and operates a drill, or follows a pattern, or handles a metal punch, all day long, and starves psychically. Labor to-day fails to satisfy both the thinker and doer in man. It also is lamentably faulty in satisfying the basic drive for achievement and recognition. In consequence, when a crisis comes and labor must be speeded up to its utmost, society takes to supplying artificially what it cannot furnish the worker in the natural course of his industrial life.

The government recognized this when the demand for ships was enormously urgent. It found that the appeal to abstract patriotism, including enormous wages, could not force man to labor at the height of his power. Accordingly, it gave back to the worker, through outside means, the things of which modern industry had robbed him. Through entertainments, clubhouses, athletic competitions, it strove to give him enough diversity in his employment to keep him satisfied. Through the artificial stimulation of competition between various shipyards it

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furnished laborers with a chance to achieve in the course of their work satisfaction of the To-Be-Great desire.

Plays, moving pictures, addresses by notables, ball games, all these were offered the workers, free of charge, as recompense for the monotony of their employment. Riveters were encouraged to attempt to make a record in driving the steel bolts that hold the ships together. Their achievements received much publicity. Pictures of them were printed in the newspapers and their efforts were awarded more substantially by bonuses. Rivalry between shipyards was stimulated, and the achievement of this or that yard made much of. Thus the directors of the shipbuilding program endeavored to give back to labor, temporarily, at least, the opportunity to achieve and obtain recognition.

But this excitement, this spirit of competition, cannot, or at least has not, been carried through to industry on a peace footing. And because of the lack of diversity and the absence of opportunity to achieve greatness, because of the endless punching of holes, and screwing of bolts, and following of one pattern, man, individually and collectively, eventually revolts.

Working under similar conditions, men, whether bound by the formal ties of a labor



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union or not, become, sooner or later, welded together into a mob, and eventually resort to mob conduct—the strike, the walk out, the riot—to get what they have been denied physically and psychologically, during their labor.

At a certain shipyard on Staten Island an interesting manifestation of this mob conduct takes place daily. At four-thirty in the afternoon a whistle blows, terminating the day's labor. Its blast is blotted out by the wild yell that rises from the men who a second before have been bending soberly to their tasks. This is followed by a mad rush of a thousand shouting, whooping maniacs for the boat that waits to transport them to Manhattan. Tools are dropped and left. The men do not wait to crowd across the gangplank. They crawl up the sides of the craft, wriggle through windows—anything to get away from the psychic torture of specialized labor.

They are desperate. Freed from the work, to which they have been forcing themselves, by the blast of the whistle, they seek frantically for diversion, strive to obtain recognition, denied them at their work, by uncouth childish antics among their fellows.

It is the same spirit which turns these sober mechanics into skylarking children that lies



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behind the strike and the riot—so frequent a manifestation in the history of modern labor. It is the break, the explosion, that must eventually come so long as men work under present conditions of industry, and its source is as old as the blending of the northern blond and the southern brunet into one race.

Give the average man a job that fits the demands of his blond and brunet inheritance and in addition furnishes him with opportunity To Be Great, and you will find that his wage is, after all, a comparatively minor matter. All of us have known persons “wedded to their jobs” who have declined to change to other employment at higher pay because they were contented with their present lot.

From the purely monetary point of view these men may not be regarded as successes by the world at large, but they are getting more of the vital, basic worth out of life than most of their brethren who may rejoice in infinitely more pay for their labor.

The menace of Bolshevism in America has its root in the civilian population. It springs from those who stayed at home—not from the army or navy. Why?

In the service, man is fed a balanced physical and psychic ration. He is forced to

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think for himself and is forced to exercise his body. Thus he is compelled to satisfy both his blond and brunet inheritance. Further than this, his desire To Be Great is fed by promotion following achievement and by medals attesting to noteworthy action. In a system of this sort unrest does not readily make headway.

But among the "misfits" in civil life the blonds chained to office desks, the brunets who wield pick and shovel, the great mass who through the modern industrial system are robbed of their chance To Be Great, radicalism, revolt of all sorts, find fertile ground. And the force that has evoked that menace is the same drive that made the lad with the slanting forehead and high-bridged nose slumber instead of work; that makes the men of the Staten Island shipyard run screaming to their boat when the whistle blows.

The world will insist upon trying to plow with a touring car and race along the road with a tractor.

### XIII

#### MENTAL INHERITANCE. "SPLITTING UP OF PHENOMENA"

MAN has proclaimed himself "conqueror of the air." He has fashioned himself ships that venture fishlike through the darkness of the submarine wastes. Daily millions of humans are at work inventing, altering, improving engines and materials so that man may further extend his underwater and aërial adventures. Why?

The aviator, the submarine builder, will tell you that his work is done solely for the purpose of bettering and making happier the human race. He will probably talk largely of Science and of his loyalty to her. He is deceiving himself and you, if you believe him.

It is not love of science, nor the conqueror's lust, to bring new worlds under his sway that have driven man to the air and the depths of the sea. In my belief it is homesickness.

In the course of his evolution man has been both fish and bird. Even though he has dropped his scales and fins, his feathers and

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wings, in his upward climb, through inherited recollection there comes to him the faintest memory of his joy in his former domains.

When he flies, when he takes to the submarine, he is trying to get back to these lost provinces, and to that end he is building himself mechanical bodies to approximate the shapes that were his, in his paleozoic days.

Man stands, at the peak of things, the most splendid product of the terrific travail that evolved a world from chaos. He is the child of endless thousands of years of human development upward from the first ape-man. And he is more—child of the fish, child of the serpent, child of the bird. *(Read Genesis chap I)*

Hold in mind that picture of man, the ultimate and supreme product of creation, with a heritage stretching back to the protozoa, and turn your eyes for a moment to the kitten at play upon the floor.

The little creature plays with a ball of yarn and, tiring of its frolic, laps up a saucer of milk and then stretches itself to sleep before the fire. A sudden noise arouses it from its slumber and it stands, hair on end, eyes dilated, claws extended, teeth bared, prepared to the best of its ability for whatever menace the sound may presage.

It is a living, moving sentient creature. Yet no thought, no self-created conception,



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lies behind its action. It is as subservient to the law of the ages which governs its conduct as is a flame to the mandates of chemistry and physics. Frighten the cat and it will inevitably respond by certain manifestations. Pour water on the fire and the hiss and cloud of steam that result are no more unvarying than the kitten's reaction to certain conditions.

Two great things stand behind every movement which the animal makes: first, inherited knowledge, stored away in the brain during endless generations of development; second, the shape and construction of the body upon which this inherited knowledge or "instinct" reacts.

In other words, the kitten is a perfectly dependable machine, guaranteed by its shape and the influence of instinct upon the secretions of its body to respond to stimuli with regular and unvarying reactions.

We flatter ourselves that we have domesticated it, but Nature does not concede this. In proof of her defiance we find that the jealous old designer of us all has not seen fit to withdraw from shape or secretions that respond to instinct one part of the original purpose that caused her to create, thousands of years before, the predatory, merciless grandfather of all the cats.



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Potentially, the cat of to-day is the cat of thousands of years ago, responding as always to the laws of its make-up—its instinct which cries, “I want,” or, “I don’t want,” in response to the chemical action of pollen upon its sense of smell and taste, vibration on sight and hearing, and the electric phenomena of touch.

The responses of the cat machine to these stimuli are not the product of any conscious thought, any more than it is possible for the fire to take counsel with itself whether or not it will go out when water is poured upon it. They are purely automatic reactions, evolved by ages of ancestral experience.

Turn now from the kitten to man, its master, standing at the apex of all creation. He, too, is possessed of “instinct,” an unconscious mind which holds the experiences of his forbears. He has also a body that responds to the mandates of this force and releases secretions to fit him to meet crises which confront him.

Many of these crises are similar to those which the kitten faces. Man is hungry and the secretions of his stomach cry for food. He is afraid and adrenal is poured into his blood, thereby contracting his muscles, dilating his eyes, driving the blood more swiftly through his veins.

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But man holds something that the kitten or any other of the lower forms of life does not possess: an analytical ability—the power to dissect the gross phenomena that confront him.

Fear, the terrible, confronts the kitten, which sees it only in its entirety. Fear confronts man, who divines its source, its probable result, and its component parts. The kitten hears in a sudden concussion only the approach of unknown danger. Man knows whether it is a gunshot, a bomb, or a falling body. If it be the last he can tell its approximate size and shape and to a large degree its make-up.

Man sees a fish swimming or a bird flying. To him it is more than gross food which he longs to eat. In watching the fish and the bird he is also conscious of the phenomena of push and stroke and movement and balance.

To a lower animal the sight of a waterfowl winging its way across a sunset would mean nothing more than a possible dinner, unfortunately out of reach. His sole reaction to the vision would be the possible stimulation of the gastric secretions and the birth of an alimentary "I want" desire.

Yet the picture of the wild bird in flight across the afterglow, when received by the

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human mind of Bryant, became something more than a direct appeal to the stomach. The phenomenon was split up into several detached thoughts which, reassembled in "Ode to a Water Fowl," tells of balance, height, color, the solitude of the sky spaces. Not these alone. The mind of the poet seemed able to reflect not a little of the actual experience of the bird itself in its journeying. So highly developed was his faculty of splitting up a gross impression and recombining it, that one might almost imagine that his poem to the wild goose or duck had been written by another wild goose or duck with a human mind.

This quality of mental analysis, of abstract thought, is a peculiar and exclusive possession of the mind of man. Its source and mechanism cannot be plotted out definitely and certainly. However, it seems to me, that by traveling back down the long corridor of the past through which man toiled upward to humanness we may obtain pragmatic conclusions similar to those which have been gained from other adventures down into the primal darkness.

As we journeyed back along the corridor we find man as a savage, an ape, a bird, a reptile, a fish, an invertebrate, a protozoan. These are the enormous steps in his pedigree

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which reaches back unbroken to First Things. We know these same steps are repeated, in inverse progression, in the development of the fertilized human ovum.

To know that through the interminable growth of the unicellular beginning into man the brain has evolved and developed with the rest of the organs. We know that in his inconceivably long journey up the corridor of development man has dragged along, not only his body, but his mind. We know further that both mind and body retain heritages from each tremendous upward stage through which they have ventured together.

In other words, in the brain of man is folded away unconscious recollection of his life as a fish, a serpent or lizard, a bird, an ape.

Is it not possible then that the human power of breaking up thought into its component parts, of forming detached conceptions, may spring from these memories tucked away in the brain? May not the unconscious recollection of experiences encountered in those earlier stages of development be the source of man's ability to split up phenomena into many component, detached thoughts, and to reassemble them into conceptions which have no place whatever in actual, normal life?

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May it not have been man's unconscious recollection of his life as a fish that led him to people the submarine wastes with mermaids and mermen? He knew perfectly well that if he remained under water he died. But his mind was not satisfied with the thought that man was barred from existence beneath the waves, and so he created a race, partly human at least, that did live beneath them.

Man of centuries ago proved to his own satisfaction that he was not master of the air, that he was doomed through life to crawl along the ground. Yet he peopled the air with creatures in his own image that had wings and could fly through the heavens. May not this have been inspired by his unrecognized memory of the time when he was a bird and flew?

Surely with these two crude examples at hand the finer quality of the detached thought of Bryant's ode takes on a new significance. It is not entirely grotesque to imagine now that the poet was thinking of the time when he was a fellow with this wild fowl.

This much is certain: no other animal has ever displayed man's peculiar trait of thought detachment; no other animal has ever exhibited the peculiar human obsession to be all species of animal.



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As formidable as the inherited knowledge, the unconscious recollection, which is the great drive of the unconscious mind, stands the drive of the conscious—the desire To Be Great. This in itself debars all admission of littleness, of ignorance. Such confessions are intolerable to it.

The To-Be-Great drive sees man reaching upward. It will never admit that he is being pushed from behind. It will force an aëronautical expert to speak of the conquests he is making in the interests of science and humanity. It will not permit him to attribute his labor to his bird hunger for the air. Never will it allow man to place upon his actions anything but the most exalted interpretation. So it blocks at the beginning what might be tremendous investigations along the trail I have blazed so tentatively and painstakingly.

The pitiful materials with which the To-Be-Great desire will work to enforce its stand, even in the most enlightened person, are at times appalling. Nor will man admit that his desire for achievement and recognition is the impulse behind his action, for by such admission he would overthrow all that he was striving for.

Cornered, he will attempt to disprove his subservience to the drive by giving in-

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numerable examples of how he is running counter to all his own best interests in order to accomplish something which he feels must be done. He will describe how he has turned from reward, comfort, happiness to pursue the stern path of duty, at a sacrifice to himself, never seeing that by picturing his martyrdom he is limning himself as Great; never admitting the unvarying truth that lies behind all human action—man always does what he wants most to do.

Only recently a woman patient and I locked horns on this very subject. She denied flatly and stubbornly my every assertion of the domination that the desire To Be Great has over every human. She contradicted desperately every statement I made and yet gave no actual disapproval of any one of them.

There she was, fighting against admission that she was under the domination of that drive, impelled in her battle by the very To-Be-Great desire which she denied existed.

“No, Doctor, you are wrong,” constituted the bulk of her statements. Finally in desperation she said:

“I punished my son this morning, Doctor. I love him better than anything in this world. Do you suppose I did that because I wanted to do it more than anything else in this world?”

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Did I do that because I wished to be great?"

"You did," I replied, "for both reasons. You wanted to punish him. Also you wanted To Be Great. The latter was gratified just as soon as you had punished him. You wanted to punish him—"

She broke in upon the sentence hotly. "What nonsense you are talking, Doctor! Do you think I actually wanted to inflict suffering upon my son?"

Then at length and with great detail she proceeded to marshal before me splendid and noble reasons for not inflicting pain on anything, far less upon the thing that was dearer to her than all else in the world.

"Nevertheless," I said, when she had ended, "in spite of all your noble reasons for not wishing to punish your boy you did punish him."

"I did it, Doctor," she almost screamed, "because while I hated to do it I could not bear to think of him growing up a thief and a liar."

I could not help smiling at this admission. "You did not want him to become a thief and a liar," I replied; "you wanted him to be honest and truthful. You wanted to punish him because of the other want for him that lay behind the punishment. And that outweighed all of your reasons for desiring not

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to punish him. In other words, you did what you wanted most to do.”

So we stand and so we will remain while the human mind retains its present mechanism and operation. Invariably man's conscious mind for the sake of the To-Be-Great drive will resist desperately admission of anything that tends to drag it down from its self-made superiority to seeming inferiority. It cannot be forced to admit that it has not supreme and absolute command over matter and man.

In making a judgment or a decision we place upon either side of the scales our “wants” and “don't wants.” And as the scale turns so we act. We do or we do not as the “want” or “don't want” bears down. We follow our predominant desire.

But we will not admit to the world or to our dearest and nearest that we are doing something plainly and simply because we want to. That is the tragedy of it. The To-Be-Great desire forever bars the way to the actual truth.

In order to be greater than I the mother who punished her child fooled herself and attempted to blind me by enumerating all of the things on the lighter side of the scale. Yet these had served no purpose whatever in determining her act. These she had cast

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aside and had gone ahead and done as she pleased.

Yet her To-Be-Great desire would not permit her to admit this. This same drive stands, armed and jealous, forever barring the threshold against intensive individual investigation of man's strange quality of detached thought.

Most subtle and confusing to the layman are the means by which this desire sometimes proceeds to attain its ends. I have a patient whose whole output of conversation consists of the belittlement of people and things. He looks upon the whole world with the contempt of a skeptic and cynic and yet with each word of scorn or contempt he utters he is feeding his desire for greatness.

By belittling all things he is achieving without being called upon to display any deep knowledge or accomplish any constructive work. He avoids the unendurable feeling of inferiority by tearing down all things that, by their manifest superiority, threaten his own sense of greatness.

The attitude of my patient may be seen repeated in the mentally and physically indolent and in the ignorant. Unwilling or unable to compete in humanity's great struggle toward achievement and recognition, they resort to destruction as a substitute for creation.



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Destruction is, without doubt, one of the earliest known forces. Man slew and wrecked and tore down long before he learned to build. It is obvious that as civilization progresses, as the standards of achievement and recognition are raised continually higher, the satisfaction of the To-Be-Great desire becomes increasingly difficult.

Therefore, the weak and the lazy refuse to play the game according to the twentieth-century rules. Instead of creators, they become iconoclasts. Unable or unwilling to put forth the effort to obtain the modern standard of greatness, the unremitting hunger for success is gratified by the Archaic portions of their minds. They belittle, they sneer and mock, they destroy, and so satisfy their desires for achievement and recognition.

“Yet how,” the doubter asks, “do certain common emotions of humanity admit of explanation if we consider that man always does what he wants to do most; that life is but a series of desires gratified?”

“How do anger, oppression, dissatisfaction, hatred, aid in achieving greatness?”

Manifestly these emotions are not desires gratified according to the standards of modern existence. Latently they are, and it is with the latent rather than the manifest side of existence that the psychoanalyst is concerned.

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Anger, depression—all of them—are manifestly unpleasant and disturbing. It is to be remembered that we are considering them not in their association with action, but as silent concepts. In this sense they are purely and clearly the result of a thwarting of the desire To Be Great. Consciously or manifestly, we may describe anger or hatred or depression as the result of the failure of some specific achievement. Latently, or unconsciously, they are gratification in the Archaic of the desire To Be Great, which has been denied its proper food in the sphere of conscious civilized existence.

Failure is as abhorrent to the desire To Be Great as a vacuum is to Nature. If the drive is thwarted in the present it rushes back into the Archaic for satisfaction, and the unconscious mind master of the emotional secretions of the body, substitutes for the thrill of accomplishment, which has been denied, another emotion with the same sensory components—alertness, muscular tension, and the grim silence of mortal combat—and the feeling of inferiority is shortly wiped out by Archaic achievement.

Often the achievement of the desire To Be Great is most amazingly hidden. At times the manifestation seems to hold not the least hint of the latent drive behind it.

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Even the individuals under examination may not have the slightest conception of what Nature is doing. They proceed with their own peculiar lines of conduct with no knowledge of the intrigue and masquerading which the unconscious mind is employing to achieve satisfaction for a consciously unrecognized desire for greatness.

Two years ago I had as a patient a married woman of early middle life who had divorced her husband. She was an extremely religious person. So deep was her conscious reverence, in fact, that she had had erected in one of her rooms a little private sanctuary where she spent many hours each day in contemplation and prayer.

She was attractive and extremely well-to-do and was active in society, giving and attending many receptions and dinner parties. Yet she had one marked peculiarity at which her friends laughed in secret and tolerated for her sake. She loathed the theater.

Why? They were playgrounds of the devil. Actors and actresses also came under her most virulent condemnation. She refused steadfastly even to meet them in a social way, nor would she attend any function at which one of them was to be present.

In the prolonged course of her psycho-

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analysis, during which I was obliged to delve through many overlying strata to reach the truth—the secret of the driving force that made her gratify a latent desire by her peculiar conduct—I asked her what she prayed for in her many solitary hours in her sanctuary. And with her answer I found the broad trail that led directly to the craving, so deeply hidden in her unconscious mind that she herself did not know of its existence.

What did she pray for? Oh, she daily implored the Deity that she be spared from becoming as actors and actresses.

But why? Because they were the most immoral of people.

Again why? Well, they rarely married, and when they did they were chronically unfaithful to each other. If they did not they were disgustingly loose in their standards of sexual morality.

Thus the stark, naked Archaic desire was spread before me. In her sanctuary she prayed each day the Pharisee's prayer that she might not become as she imagined the immoral stage folk to be. She had built this place of private worship so that she might so pray there.

She was a woman who had been married and was no longer living with her husband. The Archaic drive was therefore easily determined.

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She did not recognize it, but her unconscious mind sought an escapement for it. She used her sanctuary, unconsciously, as a mental house of assignation, and by meditating there, under the guise of prayer, on the supposed sexual sins of actors and actresses, she thus gratified her own desire to such an extent that she was kept from actual physical transgressions.

Proof? A few months ago she married again. Since then she has had the sanctuary removed.



## XIV

### MAN'S PSYCHIC TETHER

THE mind of man, which man himself loves to picture as free, unrestricted soaring to illimitable heights, unbound, unhindered, has actually far less liberty than its vainglorious owner ascribes to it.

We have seen that, as a matter of fact, it is tethered uncompromisingly to certain things, that it cannot move at all without dragging behind it fetters which it can never shake off. I have already dwelt at length upon the make-up of this chain that is riveted to human thought. It is not a rigid, uncompromising tether. It can be made to give and stretch if man exerts himself. Some are able to manage it so that it affords them a broader field of movement than do the bonds of their fellows. But it is always there—can never be snapped.

There are three great links to the chain that holds the human mind a prisoner. Each of these has been dwelt upon in the earlier part of this volume. Together they fix a limit upon the activity of human thought,

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but a limit, remember, that varies extremely with the individual.

First of these links is man's heritage from his past existence, his unconscious recollection of experiences gathered in his upward climb from chaos. Hard and rigid is this link. Man of the present cannot alter what has happened to his forbears.

To this, in the chain, is joined the drive of the conscious mind inherited from the fore-conscious—the desire To Be Great. Man may have more control over this to a large degree, since it is constantly modified by his own life span, but this, too, has well-established limits beyond which the tethered mind cannot stretch it. These limits have been indicated in the last chapter.

The third and final link in the tether is the link of environment, most elastic and variable of the three. The amount of freedom which its elasticity affords depends in large part upon man's individual selection of the life he is to lead and the conditions under which he is to live it. Let him in his selection of a career give thought to his anthropological make-up and choose accordingly, and he finds that his mind - tether, to succeed, To Be Great, is of far greater length than if he plunges blindly into an occupation because it is the nearest at hand.

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We have already spoken of the blond and brunet make-up of man and the influence of the psychophysical upon his conduct. These are contained in the third link of man's thought-tether.

I have a friend, a physician, who, while in the midst of his heavy practice during the winter months here in town, drops into the habit of becoming violently enraged at the telephone. The tinkle of the bell never fails to stir up in him a tempest of profane wrath.

Only recently his wife came to me, extremely agitated, and confided her fear that her husband was going insane.

"Why, Doctor," she said, "it is perfectly frightful the things he says when the telephone bell rings. He stands before it, prances about, shakes his fist at it, and swears in a frightful manner."

This was toward the end of the winter and his animosity toward the telephone appeared to be getting worse daily, she said.

"I suppose," she added, "that it's because he is tired and overworked that he carries on so."

"He may be tired," I replied, "but it is certainly not physical fatigue. If it were he would not feel called upon to spend additional energy from his failing reserve by

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swearing, shaking his fist, and dancing about in front of the telephone."

My friend is blond, with a large bumped nose—both signs of the doer. His practice demands that he spend a large part of his waking life at the bedside of patients or at his office desk; by no means the sort of work that his large heart and deep lungs—forespoken by his color and his large aquiline nose—require.

"In the summer when he is on his farm, does the telephone make him just as angry?" I asked.

She laughed. "No, indeed! He will walk clear across a field to answer it without a single complaint."

Here was a man that spent his winters in an environment unsatisfactory to his physical make-up. His body demanded exercise which the work he had chosen for his life labor denied. So the body attempted to get the exercise, anyway. His outbursts of wrath against the telephone were merely attempts of his physical being to get what it needed for existence.

"Don't worry, Jane," I told his wife. "When he rails and swears at the phone the poor chap is only plowing up a field on the farm."

Here was a man who in the selection of his

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life work had given no thought to the demands of his anthropological inheritance. And his tether, though stretching at his command, could not be perfectly elastic since he was pulling it in a wrong direction.

Man may exploit himself at will, but the time will come, if he has not chosen wisely, when his physical make-up will revolt and seek its needs from the materials at hand. Then, if he is a doer in a wrong sort of employment, he loses his temper on slight provocation, swears at the telephone, fights with his wife, or neglects his business for golf and tennis.

If, on the other hand, he is of the philosophic type misplaced, he oversleeps, misses his train, dawdles over his work, steals a nap in the afternoon, or develops a grievance and leaves his job.

Observe the mode of life of any man who has become conspicuously successful in any line of endeavor and it will be found that he has designed for himself, consciously or unconsciously, a formula of existence that harmonizes with his percentage holdings of blondness and brunetness.

On the other hand, man may succeed and often does reach great heights in work not perfectly fitted for his anthropological make-up. To repeat an earlier metaphor, a farm



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tractor, if turned into a pleasure car, may cover a tremendous distance on the highway, but sooner or later its mechanism will protest against the ignoring of the purpose for which it was constructed.

The doer in a conceptual job, the philosopher type in work demanding much expenditure of physical energy, may both succeed from a financial point of view, but they do not work with perfect economy and efficiency.

My cook has been in my employ for four years. Anthropologically speaking, she holds 60 per cent blondness and 40 per cent brunetness. Her eyes are of mixed color—more light than dark. She has a large bumped nose, but a very prominent brunet forehead. She is an excellent cook. Otherwise, she is, according to modern standards, an extremely ignorant woman.

Yet despite this ignorance she has insisted in being, not only her own mentor, but, finally, the mentor of the entire household, thus following out the promise of her prominent forehead. But, in addition, her facial label, the large nose and dominant blondness of her eyes, proclaim her a good worker.

Cooking for three—another servant, my wife, and myself—does not afford a sufficient

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outlet for the secretions poured into her system which demand labor. Denied this natural outlet, it sought another. Soon after coming she fought with the waitress until the latter packed up and left. During the interim before another waitress was hired Helen did double work, cheered up, and was at peace again with the world. When the new waitress came and took this extra labor away from her it was only a few weeks before Helen built up a feud against the laundress who came two days a week. After several verbal battles the laundress ceased coming.

At her earnest solicitation Helen was allowed to take over the laundry in addition to her cooking. Since then the domestic atmosphere has been much clearer and calmer, with storms only once in six months instead of every week or so.

After each of these periods of stress the waitress appears, tears in her eyes, and her grip packed for departure, and Helen, after a few days of labor as cook, waitress, and laundress, is herself again, and peace broods once more over the household.

The woman is 60 per cent doer, but her job as cook does not furnish enough action or excitement to take off all of the adrenal created in her system. She is also 40 per

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cent philosopher and accordingly must have some delight in dispute and mental contest. But she is uneducated and therefore all of her mental exercise must be of an Archaic sort. It resolves itself into quarrels and recriminations in the excitement of which free vent is given to the surplus adrenal. When the squabble is over and the waitress has departed along with the surplus adrenal, Helen is calm and cheerful once more.

Adrenal is a secretion of a gland in close proximity with the kidney. Much light has been thrown upon its psychochemical qualities in recent years. Briefly, it is psychically the secretion of labor and fight. When at physical work it is poured into the blood in relatively small quantities. When fear or anger grip a man its flow is tremendously augmented, and if too long maintained wreaks disaster upon the human organism.

Laughter and tears are also the result of a great influx of adrenal into the blood. Like fear and anger, when prolonged they have a serious effect upon the human economy.

Psychologically, both the sob and the laugh are confessions of ignorance. It must be remembered that the human mind can remain indifferent to nothing that comes within its comprehension. For every impression it receives there must be a corresponding reac-

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tion. For every thought received some secretion of the body which is so marvelously intermingled with the mind must be released.

Day and night the mind machine is at work, picking up each perception, looking it over, and, when possible, filing it away in that tremendous card index, the memory, for possible future use.

Occasionally, however, the mind receives something that it cannot classify surely and certainly. Should it be placed in this part of the memory file or in that? There is hesitation, doubt, ignorance. The thing under examination looks like one thing, but it may be something else.

Most frequently this dilemma occurs when the mind is confronted with the Rabelaisian, the obscene. Here is something whose appeal is entirely Archaic. But the mind of man to-day has risen a step or so above the pure Archaic. Accordingly, there is conflict, ignorance of how it should be received. For example:

“How dare you, sir!” she said, “and, besides, two dollars is too little.”

“Look at that,” says the twentieth-century, civilized side of man's mind. “Here is tragedy, bitter, terrible tragedy. As that it must be listed and filed.”

“Tragedy!” grunts the Archaic, the old

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Adam within us. "Nothing of the kind. Perfectly natural. Women are like that."

So for an instant the human man hesitates, uncertain how to handle the thing. But there is no toleration of hesitation in man's make-up. There must be some immediate reaction. The perception must be filed or otherwise disposed of.

In response to his perturbation adrenal rushes into the blood and the safety valve of laughter or tears is opened. The thing that the mind machine could not list and classify passes off in guffaws or sobs.

Both are quite similar as far as their physical secretions and manifestations are concerned. Both are characteristic of the bodily response to adrenal. The lips are drawn back, the teeth bared, the muscles contracted, and the lungs and heart are stimulated to unwonted activity.

Thus in man's contact with life one of two things is going on continually. Either the impressions that reach the mind are handled quickly and efficiently and listed away in their proper compartments, or else their effect is thrown off in laughter or tears inspired by the free flow of adrenal. And this, as I have said, when it flows too freely and often, is exceedingly exhausting to the body.

I have in mind a patient whose system is



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breaking down under the disastrous effects of too much adrenal and whose case illustrates quite clearly the disaster that follows upon sustained emotion. He is highly educated, a pulpit orator of considerable international fame. His anthropologic make-up as computed by the chart given at the end of this book is 60 per cent blond and 40 per cent brunet. His eyes are 90 per cent blond and 10 per cent brunet. His nose is 70 per cent blond and his forehead 80 per cent brunet.

The talent which has brought him fame is his ability to sway emotions in his addresses and sermons. Upon the lecture platform or in the pulpit he is able by whipping up his own emotions to make his hearers sob or laugh with him at will.

He is much sought, both as preacher and lecturer, and spends much of his time away from his home. He makes on an average three or four addresses a week—all of them appeals, not to reason or logic, but to the emotions.

He came to me for treatment as an alcoholic. The habit had fastened itself upon him and he could not shake it off. He was taking about a pint of whisky a day, yet he was not a drunkard. The liquor did not intoxicate him. It only kept his body up to the level of the effort required of him.

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Each time he spoke in public the emotional type of his address caused adrenal to gush into his circulation. When the speech was over the heart slowed down, the contracted muscles relaxed, and the inevitable exhaustion with accompanying mental depression or exaltation ensued. So he took to drink. He needed the "kick" of alcohol so that he might go ahead, make his next address, and suffer still more severely afterward from adrenal poisoning.

I have listened to his orations many times. As an auditor I have found them exhausting affairs. When they are over, my eyes are blurred with tears or else my whole body is keyed up, muscles contracted, in the tense posture of the fighter. When the effect wears off I find that I am tired. How much more terrible must be the strain on him, for I hear him only occasionally.

He frankly admitted in our first professional conference that after an address he was forced to excuse himself and take a stiff "hooker" before he could meet his congregation, or the committee that would wait upon him following a lecture away from home.

Well read and well educated though he was, I found that his speeches contained next to nothing in the way of specific information

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of an enlightening nature. They were one thing and one thing only—emotional appeals, pathos, tears, laughter, summonses to battle for this, that, and the other thing.

His perorations left one intellectually about where he had been when the sermon or lecture started, but emotionally lifted him to the skies or molded him into the alert truculent attitude of the Archaic warrior, facing something, he knew not what.

Anthropologically, he was leading the proper sort of existence. He spent his 60 per cent of blondness in travel and golf. His conceptual 40-per-cent side was cared for by books and social intercourse. He was well nourished and of excellent appearance. But he was and still is driving straight for disaster.

All this I explained to him. He followed me and agreed with me. I then advised him to tone down the emotional element in his speeches and inject formulative logic.

“Write at least half of each of your speeches,” I said. “And in these parts confine yourself to facts and reason. Make only the concluding part emotional. Thus you will cut down the flow of your adrenal to a more normal degree.”

He did so and seemed upon the way to recovery. He stopped drinking and ap-

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peared to be getting a fresh grip and a new enjoyment out of life. Then came the break.

A committee of his congregation waited upon him—men who laughed and cried and were thrilled by him, but knew nothing of the torture of adrenal poisoning, for they did not hear all his speeches.

“Doctor Blank,” they said, “you’re tired. You are losing your punch. We have decided to give you a year’s vacation.”

## XV

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OVER the five great highways of the senses man's mental traffic with the outside world is continually flowing. Not a second of his waking life passes without some fresh consignment of perceptions reaching his brain by the road of touch or smell or sight or hearing or taste. Immediately upon delivery the mind sets to work upon this new material, accepts, examines, and then turns to that great index, the memory, where it has listed the nature and effect of all earlier impressions.

What then ensues depends upon the information already filed away on the subject at hand. Over the highway of smell, for example, an impression reaches the brain. In the passage of a fraction of a second the mind pulls open the index of recollection, examines the data already filed away on this particular odor, and acts.

"That is the smell of broiling beefsteak," it may determine. "Beefsteak I find listed



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here as good to eat, pleasant to the taste, and filling to the body.”

If man obeys the impulse then awakened he will dine on beefsteak. If it again gratifies his taste and satisfies his hunger he files away the confirmatory information thus obtained under the head of “beefsteak” in his memory. If, on the other hand, his meal disagrees with him, gives him cramps, produces nausea, information of a wholly different sort is listed in that particular subdivision of his memory index for future use.

The next time the odor of broiling steak is brought to his mind man will discover in his memory index contradictory evidence. The weight of the testimony will be in favor of eating the steak, however, and he will probably obey. If it sickens him a second time and a third, eventually, when the smell of broiling steak reaches his consciousness the things that he discovers in his file of recollection concerning it will make him shudder and shrink.

Upon this general formula, set forth above in its simplest terms, the mind of man operates in response to every impression brought to it from the outside world.

First, the reception of the stimulus over one of the five roads of the senses, then the reference to the file where has been stored

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away the record of man's dealings in the past with the subject at hand; after that, response in accordance with the information on file, and finally further tabulation of the result of that response.

As man's existence has become complicated with civilization the above process has become correspondingly complex, though basically it does not vary. Always there is the reference to the memory index and the final verdict of, "I want," or, "I don't want"—the manifestation, in one form or another, of desire or fear.

Upon these two fundamental emotions is based the science of psychoanalysis in its pure sense. It grapples with the fear or desire that is hounding man and attempts to audit and revise the material stored away in his file of memory that inspires these obsessions.

Pure psychoanalysis is predicated upon the emotional side of life. That is the pragmatic statement of its purpose. Yet specifically, there can be no pure science in this world of ours; the mind cannot admit of one phenomenal thing bearing no relation to other phenomenal things. By pragmatism, however, we may temporarily disregard the relationship that one science bears to another, and thus segregate for the purpose of

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study pure mathematics, pure philosophy, pure logic.

Yet when we attempt this segregation a prejudice of mind is bound to appear in every individual. This is so formidable that sometimes it seems almost impossible for the human to attain standard conclusions, since each of us is dominated so greatly by personal or, as it might be called, flesh experiences. These determine to a large extent the value of our thoughts. Whether we will or not, we place our chief reliance, not on the clear truth of pure science, but upon the testimony that each of us finds in his own particular memory file. Freud first voiced this fact and thereby made his greatest contribution to psychoanalysis.

Man's experience—the material he has listed and classified in his index of recollection—is his foremost guide and mentor in his attitude toward and conduct in life. And since the experience of any two men is widely divergent, we find two minds looking at the same thing with widely differing emotions.

Two patients of mine were once beset with dreams of being shut up in a room papered and furnished in red. To one I said:

“Now while you were in this beautiful room—”

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“Beautiful!” he interrupted. “Who said it was beautiful? It was horrible. It was red, I told you.”

Later I remarked to the other dreamer, “Concerning this horrible room you were in—”

“Horrible!” he broke in. “What ever gave you that idea? It was beautiful. It was red.”

[Here is the essence of the problem which psychoanalysis is called upon to handle.] Each of us carries knowledge of himself and his experiences in the glossary, or index, or file of memory. This glossary is man’s record of his contact with life and upon what it already contains he bases to a large extent his present conduct and his philosophy.

But it must also be recognized that the entries written into this glossary by man during his own tenure of life are only a few pages of the whole great conduct-determining volume. Most of its leaves we inherit, and upon them our ancestors for thousands upon thousands of years have scrawled their own impressions of what they believed through experience to be the truth of existence.

Our own conscious recollection extends over a few score of years. Behind this, in our memory file, are listed the rules of con-

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duct laid down by our forefathers since the beginning of existence. These we can never wholly visualize, never wholly be free from. Folded away in our brains, hidden in our tissues, and coursing through our veins are histories reaching back to the birth of the creature that eventually became man. Each differs widely from every other because of the divergent paths by which each man has struggled up the steep slope of evolution. Each holds material quite as prejudicial to our good conduct as the secrets locked up in the seeds of trees and flowers.

In proof of this observe how two infants that are practically identical physically will react with the widest possible divergence to the same stimulus. A noise will make one scream with terror. The same sound repeated to the other will make him smile and gurgle with delight. For each the pages on which each will write his own memory glossary are white and untouched. The response of each has been dictated by some ancestor dead perhaps a thousand years.

The average man looks at a cat without fear or violent emotion of any kind. Yet there are some persons to whom the presence of the harmless animal induces hysteria. If we were able to spread open the great memory index in which the forefathers of the



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terrified one have written we should discover the reason for this apparently unreasoning fear.

It was my good fortune to be with my little nephew on two occasions when he responded to experiences entirely new to him in this life. He was then eight months old.

His two brothers were playing about the nursery in their irresponsible, destructive Archaic way of lads of five and nine. In their romping they overturned a table. A bowl of goldfish, a pitcher of water, and an iron electric heater stood upon it. The crash was mighty and I looked at the baby in his bassinet, expecting to see his face contorted with fright and hear a shriek of terror. He lay where it was impossible for him to have seen what had happened. His eyes could not explain the appalling sound that his ears had received. But he did not cry. His whole attitude was of delight. He clapped his hands and laughed in that wholehearted way that is so delightful in infants.

Nothing remarkable in that? Possibly not, but, as with many other things in psychic life, the true significance of the child's conduct was brought out only by a comparison with his action under other circumstances.

A few days later I was again sitting beside

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him while he was intensely occupied with examining his toes and fingers. Suddenly the child, who had gurgled joyfully at the mighty crash of the overturned table, heard another comparatively insignificant sound.

One of his brothers had been playing on the roof of the house and had dropped a marble down the chimney, ending in the fireplace of the room where he lay. There was only the rattle of the falling sphere, the hiss of dislodged soot, and the thud of landing—not an alarming noise at all when judged by present-day standards.

Yet the baby's fright was pitiful. The color left his face. His eyes started and he fell to trembling and finally to screaming with fright—he who had heard the resounding crash of the overturned table with every manifestation of delight.

What page of his ancestral glossary had been flung open at the noise to strike terror into the heart of a little child too newly entered upon this life to have learned of himself the emotion of stark fear?

His recollection had inspired this, not the thing we mean when we use that word loosely, but a recollection, a memory of something that had happened in that baby's dark journey upward, long before his most remote known ancestor was born.

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It is manifestations of this sort upon which psychoanalysis fastens and attempts to wrest therefrom the ultimate truth. The science is still in its earliest stages. Gradually it is accumulating data and methods of operation that presage more tremendous results in the future than any already attained. Practically, psychoanalysis attempts to mark down and examine the divergencies in the mind action and life formula of the individual from those of the herd.

It is these partings of the ways between individual and group thought for which the psychoanalyst is searching. In his work he attempts to find when, in the life of a man or of his ancestors, the event took place which made him look upon certain of the normal phenomena of life in an abnormal way. He attempts to find, in searching the patient's memory glossary, the exact spot where the entry was made that has caused this abnormal outlook on life. And, having found this entry, he endeavors by the institution of new ideals and life theories in his patient's mind to erase the entry and bring the individual memory glossary more into harmony with that of the herd.

These new ideals may be instilled by suggestion, by an appeal to the man's logic, or in some cases by explaining to him just when

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and how the irregular entry in the mind glossary was made.

Pursuit of these entries has a marvelous fascination. The true inwardness of psychoanalysis is only beginning to be known. It may be only a few generations before one may venture in mind examination beyond the life span of the individual, far back through those pages of his glossary that were written by remote ancestors and inherited by him. Day by day the trail is being cleared and pioneers are advancing farther into the wilderness.

It is not at all beyond the bounds of human possibility, for example, that the single instance of infant conduct mentioned above may not be used by psychologists in the future as a signpost pointing the way to still buried treasures of knowledge. It may be that from a single phenomenon of this sort science may trail back the person in whom it occurred, step by step, to his earliest beginning. Not as a species—science has already accomplished that—but as an individual.

Some day individual man, by manifesting his recollected experiences, may be followed back through all his history to the geographic location of the root from which he has sprung, and to the first creature, his ultimate ancestor.

## MENTAL GLOSSARY

Take, for example, the case just mentioned of the baby that showed no fear, but every sign of delight, at the crash of the falling table and shattered glass, yet was terror-stricken at the comparatively mild sound of the marble hissing and rattling down the chimney. If we knew more of the sounds peculiar to various parts of the world during the different ages of development, might we not at once throw new light upon this phenomenon? Might we not be able to fix with a fair degree of definiteness the exact dwelling place of this ancestor who wrote the page in the glossary of memory that caused the child to scream at the sound of the falling marble and laugh at a far more portentous sound? Might we not also be able to determine the approximate time of his existence?

Freud subscribes to this doctrine. In fact I believe it was he who first formulated it. He has held as fact that the conduct of many psychopaths admitted of no more plausible explanation than the one hitherto given—a mental return to original environments. For the further pursuit of this inexhaustible line of research he urges the reading of Fraser's *Golden Bough*, a most amazing study of the varying development of the human, psychically, socially, re-



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ligiously, under the compelling influence of geographical locations.

Along these lines let us develop the case of my nephew a little farther. The crash of falling things was a joy to him. If to-day science were equipped to follow this through to its source we would possibly find that through the memory bequeathed him by his ancestors he was familiar with the crash of falling trees in a tropical forest brought down by storm or by the hand of his forefather and his fellows.

But why should this give him pleasure? What might the fallen tree mean to the man of ages gone who bequeathed the baby this recollection? Bark for his boat, perhaps; wood for weapon handles, bows and arrows and dwellings, fuel for his fires—all desirable things. Thus the crash of the falling tree led this unknown ancestor to smile with delight, as the baby smiled.

And why should the rattle of the falling marble and the hiss of soot that accompanied it cause the baby to open his inherited glossary of memory to a page where he read something that terrified him?

The sound was not unlike the rattle and hiss of a venomous snake and there was a time in the history of our struggle up toward civilization when the serpent was among the foremost of our enemies.

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Suppose we let these hypotheses stand and see what proof of their truth we can draw from him. We have tentatively established that somewhere, ages gone, the forbears of this baby lived in land heavily forested, where snakes were a constant menace. From this we may deduce that they belonged to a tropical race—dark-eyed, brunet-skinned, up-turned of nose, and high of forehead.

My nephew is now five years old. The above is an accurate description of him. With fair confidence we may now add "Q. E. D." to our earlier conjectures.

## XVI

### PARALLELISM

“AS a man thinketh in his heart so is he.”  
To this psychological truth we may add the equally correct corollary, “As a man is so thinketh he in his heart.”

Let this mark the starting place of our new quest during which we grope back into the murk of man's beginning once more, there to search for the ancestry of that close relationship between the mental and physical in man which science has termed Parallelism of mind and body.

Through the doctrine of evolution we have discovered a pragmatic explanation of the growth of living material through the ages into that highest manifestation of life—humanity. We can catch glimpses of the splendid upward procession that passed through the millions of years from the glowing life spark of the protozoan up to man of to-day.

We know how generation after generation has handed the torch of progress on to the

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next advancing rank; now Nature, stern and just mistress of us all, has lifted man from the slime and, by ages of enforcement of that grim rule, the survival of the fittest, has formed his body, molded and altered it, and finally given to the world man as he is to-day.

So much for the physical side. But in that life seed of protoplasm which is man's furthestmost ancestor there slumbered, not only his body as it is to-day, but also the germ of the human mind. And while the body was fighting its way up the ladder of evolution, the mind was also struggling, both battling shoulder to shoulder in their common cause.

Man did not achieve the threshold of civilization and then suddenly, through divine intervention, receive a mind. His body has been the house of his intellect since the beginning. Side by side they have grown, have been fused and welded and intermingled, one with the other, until to-day man's body and mind are inseparable—not only inseparable, but comrades wholly dependent upon each other. Your physical body could furnish so excellent a dwelling place for no other mind than your own. Your own intellect could find no other mansion that fitted it so perfectly. The house of flesh and

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bone and sinew, which the ages have built for your mind, is its own peculiar habitation.

Is it, then, so startling and bizarre a statement that one may read from the appearance of the individual the general trend of his thought and determine with fair accuracy his position in life and the type of his intellect?

Science had recognized the interlocking of mind and body accomplished through the æons of evolution. It has termed this union of concept and action, Parallelism.

I have gone into this metaphysical side of life, not with the idea of discovering for the world hidden truths, but merely for the purpose of establishing, if possible, a tentative working basis for the study of the connection between our mental and physical life.

Some persons recognize this union and co-operation between mind and body as the voice of God. "I shall not do this," they say, "because my soul tells me it is not right."

Another places the drive of Parallelism on a lower plane. "I won't do it," he says. "I don't like it."

These and a hundred other manifestations of this same mental and physical co-operation must be grouped under a general formula to be studied scientifically. The formula is



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pragmatic. It belongs in the twilight realm of science—that territory to which theories not yet tested sufficiently to be hailed as truth are consigned.

Parallelism is still a twilight formula. It may finally be thrown aside as inadequate to the subject at hand, but until it is scrapped it serves its purpose of advancing knowledge by scientific means.

Man, when he had achieved comprehension of the simpler physical phenomena with which his early existence was surrounded, reached out mentally to cope with those more complex problems—gravity, light, and heat, centrifugal and centripetal force. In the terms of these simpler things with which he had already established acquaintance he sought to build up formulas whereby he might achieve an understanding of these mysteries.

Thus he said, "Gravity is a great pulling force situated in the center of the earth." He has never seen that pulling force. He has never seen the center of the earth. Yet without some such twilight formula the force of gravity must always have remained to him an insoluble mystery.

"Physical sensation," he said, "is the effect of apposition carried to the brain through a nerve tract." What could be more ambiguous than this phraseology?

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Yet upon this twilight formula as a foundation man has erected splendid scientific discoveries.

So it is with Parallelism. We hold to this pragmatic formula as a means of linking mental and physical life and studying their phenomena—man's conduct in life. Whether, in their partnership, the mind or the body holds the dominating place is outside the sphere of our consideration. All we attempt to do is to recognize the interlocking of the physical and mental and their interdependence.

Throw consideration of this interlocking device aside and we are plunged back a thousand years into the intolerance and brutality of the past, when man punished his fellow for being unable to do what he himself could accomplish.

"Says he can't stand working at a desk eight hours a day," the Archaic and unenlightened employer exclaims. "He's a loafer, that's what he is. Of course he can stand it. Look at me. I've done it for the last twenty years. Fire him."

The fact that he himself is of the brunet, conceptual type, while the clerk he is damning as a loafer is blond, with a slanting forehead and a bumped nose, means nothing to the employer. Psychologists who are following through the twilight formula of

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Parallelism in its application to life may in time bring man to a more reasoning and charitable attitude toward his fellow.

For no man speaks with the voice of his mind alone, any more than any action that he undertakes can be purely physical. The partnership of mind and body is insoluble. They endure, and because they have endured since the beginning of man's life the action of man can be nothing but the physical duplication of his mental concept.

I have a relative whose physical and mental conduct are striking examples of this Parallelism. His conversation, at first interesting, becomes in time an exhausting thing to follow. He is more concerned with the by-paths of thought than he is with the attainment of the objective which first prompted him to speak.

He is by no means a fool. His education has been good and his ideas are excellent. But they get him nowhere. No sooner does he begin to talk on one theme than he comes to a crossroad of thought, leading to another topic. He hesitates, loses the thread of his discourse, and heads off toward another objective, only to desert this as a third comes into view.

To this there is a physical parallel. No one who knows him well will ever take a walk

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with him. For if he starts to walk across town, for example, he will hesitate on each corner, look up and down the street, and probably head off at right angles to the course he was hitherto pursuing. A stroll with him is bound to be a series of hesitations and changes of course until his companion is physically weary or entirely out of patience.

Those who have undertaken business ventures with him have experienced the same exasperation and final disgust, for he pursues the same tactics even here.

In addition to the analogy between the wandering conversation and the aimless method of walking of my relative there is still a third evidence of Parallelism—his features. The physiognomist need never hear him speak nor see him walk to learn the cast of his mind. It is stamped on his face. Our characters are written on the faces of all of us. The body that houses the mind no more conceals the condition of its tenant than does the dwelling that protects our bodies hide from the world our financial and social condition.

I advanced this theory some time ago at a dinner. A famous cartoonist, also a guest, contested my assertions. In refutation of my claim that physiognomies were labels that displayed the characters of their owner he undertook to draw a prize fighter with a



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prominent forehead, a short, shallow turned-up nose, and a receding chin.

But when the sketch was completed and I challenged him to let it be published over his own name he gave in and admitted defeat. In like manner we discussed a number of physical and mental paralleling characteristics. He sketched the piano mover and the artist, the horse trainer and the mathematician, the sailor and the philosopher, and finally confessed that their physiognomies were not interchangeable, that the body was, after all, the physical parallel of the mind that inhabited it.

Yet although the ages have designed and fashioned and interlocked the body and mind of man, there is one mighty drive in the latter half of his being which, so far as psychologists have been able to determine, seems to have leaped into existence, full-armed, like Pallas Athene. And it is this force, peculiar to man alone, which has lifted him, mind and body, from the estate of the ape, to which he probably had advanced before he acquired it—the tremendous urge of the desire To Be Great, the insatiable hunger for achievement and recognition which is more nearly a pure psychic force than any other I know. It stands alone, without evolutionary background.



## XVII

### DREAMS AND THE ARCHAIC

SOCIETY—that vast preponderance of humanity whose waking actions and thoughts are limited for the most part to the expediencies of herd life—long since gave a half-scornful title to those rare persons not wholly bound to the wheel of conscious logic. Poets, painters, playwrights, sculptors, inventors—all those whose method of thought differed from the method of the herd—society looked at them half pityingly and called them “dreamers.”

Psychology has since considered this characterization and found it, not an epithet, but truth. That quality of mind, that “creative imagination” that lifts a man here and there above the level of his fellows, which gives him an insight, a gift of exposition and presentation which they themselves lack; that quality which brings upon a man the title of “genius” or “nut,” according to its content—is truly of the stuff of dreams.

The lives and thoughts of most of us are

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governed almost entirely during our waking hours by our conscious minds. And these are schooled and trained by the experiences of this life to conform to the demands of herd life. All conscious thought must face the question, "Is it expedient to our well-being, to our success, to our fellows in the herd?"

Rarely, save in the hours of sleep, does the unconscious mind, that Archaic quality that has lived since the birth of the first man, obtain supremacy. Normally the unconscious comes into contact with present-day life only through a compromise with the conscious mind, of which I spoke in an earlier chapter.

In dreams, however, the unconscious mind exercises full sway. There it displays that brightness of color, that pageantry and splendor, that disregard for conscious logic based on expediency which it is forbidden to manifest during waking hours.

As long ago as 1875 psychologists were beginning to recognize the wealth of imagery and triumphant daring of conception possessed by this unconscious mind. In that year Hildebrandt said:

"What wonderful jumps the dreamer allows himself in his chain of reasoning"—in his unconscious logic—"with what unconcern he sees the most familiar laws of

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experience"—conscious reasoning—"turned upside down. . . . We often multiply quite unconcernedly: 'three times three makes twenty'; we are not at all surprised when a dog recites poetry for us, when a dead person walks to his grave, and when a rock swims on the water."

"Out of ten dreams," says Freud, "nine at least have a seemingly absurd purpose. We unite in them persons or things which do not bear the slightest relation to one another. In the next moment, as in a kaleidoscope, the grouping changes to one more nonsensical and irrational if possible"—to our conscious minds—"than before. Thus the changing play of our sleeping minds continues until we awaken, put our hands to our heads, and ask ourselves whether we really still possess the faculty of rational imagination and thought."

We have already dwelt upon the drives of conscious and unconscious minds. We have pictured the unconscious, the Archaic, as a storehouse of all the experiences of all our ancestors and the source of the great emotions that dominate life. We have shown the conscious mind as a creation of our individual lives giving us contact with the world, holding to the herd laws of that world, and driven onward by the desire for achievement and recognition.

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We have also discussed the truce that was signed between the conscious and unconscious minds at the beginning of civilization or herd life by the terms of which a Psychic Censor became arbitrator and allowed the Archaic expression through the conscious, but only in terms conformable with the exigencies of herd life.

So it has been since the dawn of human culture. To each part of the mind has been allotted a sphere of supremacy. In our waking hours the conscious, schooled in the logic of the present, driven by the desire To Be Great, predominates and permits the Archaic to express itself only as a servant to that desire.

In slumber the unconscious, although still dominated by the Psychic Censor, is the ruler. Into its territory while we sleep the conscious mind comes suing for aid, seeking through the dreams of the Archaic mind surcease from problems and starvations which it has not been able to overcome in the waking hours of its own supremacy.

So in our conscious life, the unconscious desire is forever being held up by the traffic officer of herd expediency. Each vehicle of thought is inspected by this agent and allowed to proceed if it complies with the demands of the desire To Be Great and with

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the laws of civilization or turned back if its contents is not in accordance with standards of twentieth-century culture. Thus, the closer our contact with the herd, the more we obey and adhere to the tenets of civilization, the less opportunity in our waking life does the Archaic get for that activity we call "creative imagination."

A century ago Schiller, by force of his own creative faculty, set forth in a letter to a friend this truth which psychologists of recent years have been elaborating. His friend had complained of his inability to exercise his imagination. The great German poet wrote in reply:

"The reason for your complaint lies, it seems to me, in the constraint which your intelligence"—the flow of the conscious mind—"imposes upon your imagination"—the unconscious mind.

"I must here make an observation and illustrate it by an allegory. It does not seem beneficial and it is harmful for the creative work of the mind if the intelligence inspects too closely the ideas already pouring in, as it were, at the gates.

"Regarded by itself, an idea may be very trifling and very adventurous, but it perhaps becomes important on account of one which follows it; perhaps in a certain connection



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with others which may seem equally absurd it is capable of forming a very useful construction. The intelligence"—the conscious mind—"cannot judge all these things if it does not hold them steady long enough to see them in connection with the others.

"In the case of a creative mind, however, the intelligence has withdrawn its watchers from the gates; the ideas rush in pell-mell"—from the million years' experience of the unconscious—"and it is only after that that the great heap is looked over and critically examined.

"Messrs. Critics, or whatever else you may call yourselves, you are ashamed or afraid of the momentary and transitory madness which is found in all creators and whose longer or shorter duration distinguishes the thinking artist from the dreamer. Hence your complaint about barrenness; for you reject too soon and discriminate too severely."

So it is that the inspiration, the genius, the hallucination—whatever one chooses to call it—that besets the creative among man is actually of the stuff of dreams. It is the rare ability of certain men to rummage through the storage house of all humanity's experiences—the Archaic, unconscious mind—in their waking hours, while the rest of us do our rummaging in the murk and quick forgetfulness of dreams.

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Pragmatically, the operation of the conscious and unconscious minds is not unlike the mechanism of an automobile. The Archaic mind is the engine; the conscious, the clutch, gears, and transmission. During our waking life the clutch is thrown in and the power of the engine, the Archaic, is carried through the conscious to aid in its pursuit of greatness, as the power of the motor in the automobile transmitted to the rear wheels drives the car forward.

Throw out the clutch and the engine races free. Throw off the domination of the conscious mind in our waking life and the Archaic speeds up to unusual activity and gives us waking dreams, imparts to us creative imagination.

But what are the steps in this procedure? How can man consciously stimulate his imagination?

Clearly it must be in the establishment of some method in our waking life whereby the unconscious flow of thought may find an unimpeded release. The clutch of the mind motor must be thrown out so that the engine may race.

What is it that on our awakening starts the conscious mind's activity? What is it in our babyhood that set it to work?

Conscious thought in our infancy grew out

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of the continual reception of physical stimuli through the five great channels of the senses. Conscious memory, at birth, began to classify these. As the classification glossary grew under the repeated impact of sensory stimuli the mind was furnished through that glossary with material for comparison.

A blow, a draught of air, the sight or smell or the sound of a thing, was compared with previous similar manifestations, and from the testimony of these, listed in the glossary of conscious memory, a conclusion was established and thrust into our conscious minds in terms of reason.

From birth to death the glossary continues to grow and conscious thought is furnished with an ever-increasing background. When we open our eyes in the morning the first gleam of light, the first sound, sets the conscious mind at work. Throughout all our waking hours it continues, fed and stimulated by the sensory messages brought to it along the five great channels whereby we keep in touch with the world about us.

All of these stimuli and the response that we return, following consultation of our memory glossaries, are critically examined by the Psychic Censor—that guardian whose duty it is to keep us in harmony with the

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laws and conventions of herd life. Were it not for his domination man would slip in twenty-four hours from the height of culture he has attained back into the gloom of his early savagery.

Our first steps in seeking slumber are merely the shutting off, in so far as we are consciously able to do so, of the channels along which the messages of the world outside come to us.

We go to a quiet room and cut off to a great extent the traffic along the highway of hearing. We climb into a soft bed, between smooth coverings, and deaden the sense of touch. We close our eyes and block completely the most delicate conveyor of physical phenomena. The senses of taste and smell are likewise deadened.

Thus in preparation for slumber, for the eight hours in which the Archaic mind dominates through dreams, we aid him in coming into his kingdom by exclusion of those physical phenomena which during our waking life keep him in the background.

We shut out the world of the present and immediately begin to feed upon our inherited memories of the past through which our fathers lived and compiled the memory glossaries which have been handed down to our own Archaic minds.

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We throw out the clutch and the engine races. First we are swept into the strange, wandering thoughts of drowsiness, then into complete slumber, filled with the pageantry of dreams. These go on continually through our sleeping hours. What man may call "dreamless sleep" is merely his inability to recollect in his conscious mind what has been going on in his unconscious.

Bearing in mind the process which we adopted in surrendering ourselves to sleep, man may by a similar method seek to gain in his waking hours material from that great well of the creative faculty, the Archaic mind. He may deliberately stimulate his imagination, be it ever so sluggish, by lying down comfortably in a quiet, darkened room and closing his eyes.

I have tried this time and again with my own patients, first asking them to speak their thoughts as they come in the dusk and quiet of the rest room. I have found that, by closing the doors of their senses to the outside world, they realize almost at once a series of conceptions and word pictures utterly foreign to their matter-of-fact, everyday, conscious minds.

They have shut off the outside world sufficiently to permit them to tap the vast reservoir of unconscious experience. The



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Archaic mind, fountainhead of dreams, is giving them this material in their waking hours. Through its agency they have achieved "creative imagination." They have, as Schiller puts it, withdrawn the "watchers from the gates" and the exotic traffic of the Archaic flows into their consciousness unimpeded.

The psychologist may readily determine that these word pictures, painted by the man or woman at rest in the darkened chamber, are of the stuff of dreams. They are sublimations, as dreams are sublimations. They can be translated by the same psychological knowledge that enables us to unravel and explain the allegories of dreams.

Thus, one of my patients spoke persistently of the floating stone that his imagination pictured before him. I found that this was as clearly an escapement as the same thing manifested in the midst of a dream would have been.

He had made a mistake in business, in friendship, that would have been unendurable had he not been able to excuse himself, to himself at least. His error had lain in assuming that his business partner held all the attributes of steadfastness, solidity, integrity; in short, that he was fitted to be the corner stone of a worthy dwelling.

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His partner betrayed his trust. When the flood came the corner stone floated away like a piece of wood. The waking dream, the deceived man's imagination, absolved him from all blame. Who could foresee a stone floating on the water?

Yet from a sublimation of this sort, a mere figment of imagination, what tremendous discoveries are made! What wild and grotesque dreams are brought to truth and actual happening through this same quality of creative imagination. Concrete ships sail the seven seas to-day—floating stones.

The artist, the creator, has learned to utilize this material of imagination to give to his work something that the labor of the purely conscious mind must lack. The creative substances culled from the unconscious mind are continually being exploited in plays, in novels, in paintings and sculpture.

Often it is a flash of this same apparently God-given imagination that lends immortality to a work that otherwise could not endure. Without its aid more of our novels and plays would be flat failures.

The material is frequently utterly illogical when measured by the stern standards of present life. Of course the language and pictures, word and scenic, of current literature and plays are by no means cast upon the

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turgid, confused models of dreams, but the element of imagination of the Archaic memory is there to stir and rouse that same quality of thought in the reader or the spectator.

Why are men and women of the twentieth century thrilled by some situation or crisis which their conscious minds tell them is utterly impossible under the rigors of modern existence?

Because they open the novel, or take their seats in the theater, after having dulled deliberately their critical faculty, their consciousness of twentieth-century existence. They read and watch, to forget, for the most part, the present.

To this end they are aided by the author and the stage manager. The writer sees to it that the climax, the great outburst of his imagination, does not occur until he has developed his story gradually and carefully, until he has led the reader back along the trail to the Archaic with him.

The theatrical director makes use of darkness and music and well-cushioned seats to shut off his audience as far as possible from conscious life. So shut off, they will accept as the truth statements and situations at which they would scoff and sneer were they to encounter them in the columns of a prosaic twentieth-century newspaper.

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There was a play that ran with tremendous success in New York one season that was utterly ridiculous when measured by present-day standards. It dealt with the fortunes of a man who was a ground officer of an aviation camp, but who had never been in an airplane. The climax of the production was attained when catastrophe befell the camp and it became necessary for a miraculous deed to be performed high above the clouds. He leaped into a machine and soared aloft, smashing records and establishing an Archaic hero claim beyond contention.

Our conscious minds sneer at such an utterly impossible plot. Did the audiences that saw this play do so, too?

No! They cheered and laughed and applauded, hailing with delight that quality of creative imagination that constructed the play, because this imagination had stimulated their own, had emancipated them for a little while from the hard logic of the present, and had fed them the very stuff of dreams.

## XVIII

### ADAPTATION

NOT long ago I rode through the Park with a friend who had just purchased a high-strung, thoroughly trained saddle horse. It was evident that all was not going well with mount and rider. The horse curvetted, sidled, shied, and presently my friend lost his temper, became red in the face, jerked and sawed violently at the reins, and raked his horse's sides with his spurs.

The inevitable happened. The animal bolted for a quarter of a mile before his master could get him in hand again. When I caught up with them both were trembling from the effect of the emotional secretions that had been poured into their bodies.

"What was the trouble?" I ventured.

"Oh," replied my friend, in a tone of intense exasperation, "this damned beast won't do what I want him to."

The situation at the moment was much too tense for me to offer any comment. A little later, however, I suggested:



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“He has been trained for the saddle. Perhaps you don’t know exactly how he was trained—what rules he has been taught to obey. Why not try him out carefully? Throw your weight forward, then back, in the saddle, and mark how he responds. See what happens when you press your legs against his shoulders or his flanks. Find out what he does when you lay your hand against this or the other side of his neck.”

My friend had adopted toward his horse the mental posture not at all uncommon in the attitude of many humans toward the world and the herd life in which they dwell.

His philosophy of existence, for the time being, at least, had been boiled down to the Archaic cry, “I want,” and he was determined to override all obstacles to achieve that desire.

In his brutal treatment of his horse he threw away all thought of the animal’s feelings. He never considered that his mount had “I wants” of his own. Nor did he think that even if the sole desire of the horse was to comply with his master’s wishes the master must take pains to establish some means of communicating these wishes clearly to the mind of the beast.

In other words, my friend had not the experience, the self-control, to retain his

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“I want,” to comprehend the “I want” of his horse. Immediately his conscious mind told him his horse was not obeying him properly he called upon his unconscious to enforce his demand. He did not try to solve his problem according to the laws of the present, but sought to drive his desire through by the hot emotion of the Archaic.

His was not an isolated case. Every hour of the day sees his line of action duplicated by thousands of men who give all of their attention to the clamor of their immediate “I want” and none at all to the “wants” of the herd, to the tenets of the civilization in which they live.

Each of us can call to mind numberless instances of this mental attitude seen in our friends and sometimes in ourselves. Long before Marshal Foch had evolved the military formula of “Attack, attack, attack” many of us were employing it in our everyday life.

In warfare, which is entirely Archaic, this formula brings success. In our herd life, which has been lifted to a higher plane, it more often brings calamity.

Civilization in its growth has laid down hard-and-fast rules of social conduct which, if we are to keep on even terms with our fellows, we must obey. He who learns and follows these rules most steadfastly attains

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success above his associates and earns from society the verdict of possessing "tact." He whose tempestuous "I want" will brook no delay, who overrides the tenets of present-day culture and attempts to gratify his desire by Archaic means, eventually brings upon himself the disastrous fate that overtakes anyone who breaks set rules, whether God or man made. He antagonizes not only human relationships, but the very elements themselves.

Man's life is a continual struggle between his individual "I want" and the "I want" of that evolutionary, man-made mechanism that we call society. His ability to adjust his own desire to the demands of herd life brings him achievement and recognition. His inability to make this adjustment or his disregard of it spells disaster.

"Your horse has his 'I want' as well as you," I might have said to my equestrian friend. "It may not be in the cerebratory way of your human 'I want,' but it is no less demanding for being in the orderly way of mechanistic procedure. There are certain rules of conduct to which he has been taught to adhere, as there are similar rules that govern the great mechanism we call 'society.' If you would only recognize that everything in this mechanistic world cries

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‘I want,’ whether it is animate or inanimate, you could, by harmonizing your own desires with these cries, come pretty near being the master of all things.”

The disastrous result of this isolated and personal “I want,” working for itself with complete disregard for the desires of other individuals or the demands of herd life, may be clearly seen in the instance of a relative of mine.

What I am about to relate is only a single incident of the long series of calamitous incidents that have punctuated the disaster-filled life—social and financial—of a near and otherwise dear kinsman.

He called upon me when my office was filled with patients and immediately informed my secretary that he would be unable to wait his turn, but must see me at once upon important business. In order to emphasize more clearly the tempestuous drive of his selfish ego, let me say that he is not engaged in a commercial life.

My secretary brought me the message while I was conferring with a patient, and I instructed her to tell him that either he might remain and wait his proper turn or else come back in an hour or so or during my office hours in the evening.

For a little while this held his impetuous

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“I want” in check, but not for long. Presently there came an insistent rapping at my office door while I was engaged with a patient. I opened it and faced my relative. Our faces were seamed with annoyance as we gazed at each other.

“Look here, old man,” he said, petulantly, “I can’t spend my whole forenoon in your office.”

A somewhat vigorous remark on my part was neglected entirely in the charge of his “I want” over all obstacles toward its goal. I started to turn away, but he had me by the coat sleeve.

“I won’t keep you a second. I want two hundred and fifty dollars for a few days. Just go in and write out a check and I’ll be off.”

It was typical of his attack in all things. His formula of existence was always toward one direct end—self. Rules that governed the lives of other persons, tenets upon which herd existence was based, meant nothing to him. He plowed through them with as little regard as a tank lumbering through barbed wire. And, like the tank, most of the projectiles hurled against him in defense of the rules that he tramped on rebounded from his almost impenetrable hide.

I refused to comply with his request, not



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that I had any fear that he would not return the money, but he had broken all the rules of my personal mechanism, and I resented it. He went away without the two hundred and fifty dollars which he most certainly would have attained if in the course of his life he had ever paused to learn the true inward meaning of the word "tact."

A few days later his wife called.

"Why do you so hurt Jim's feelings? I don't think you have any idea how fond he is of you."

Perhaps I have not. Jim's faculty for creating disaster in the blind pursuit of his own ends keeps from him the mechanistic reciprocating love of others.

So it is with all of us. The rules of this game of life are written so that all may read and learn through the school of experience. Some of us study them all our days—applying them, watching with eager interest the result of this or that move we make to see if it conforms to them, trying with the best of our ability to become master mechanics of that great mechanism, human society.

Others see nothing but the selfish end to be attained. Toward that they plunge forward, shattering all laws, hitting below the belt, kicking and gouging, violating every rule of the game. They may or may not

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attain the thing for which they charge like maddened buffaloes, but they certainly do achieve the hoots and hisses and jeers of society, which cannot endure the foul player.

In connection with these rules Binet was the first to call attention to a faculty which few possess innately, although most human minds are able to take it on, once attention has been called to it.

He contended that if one hundred people were to go to the railroad station to take a train and were able to see only the reflection of the clock in a mirror, ninety of them would be certain to miss it. In other words, only one person in ten inherits a sufficient knowledge of the mechanism of life to give him enough resourcefulness to cope with suddenly altered conditions.

Those who are able in the mirrored clock to read the true time are possessed of minds that have the power to see below the surface of things. They are capable of running back, in a flash, from the time the reflected hands indicate, to the actual face of the clock, unseen. They are able to grasp truths that lie beyond surface manifestations. They have the power of finding in the past the answer to the secrets of the present.

My relative, Jim, had no such power of mind, either innate or acquired. He could

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not read the clock backward, nor had he the ability, it seems to me, of following anything but the rush of his own desire.

Nor had my equestrian friend the power to consider what had gone before in dealing with a present problem. He was unable to utilize what had happened in the past in considering the present. He could not give bygone happenings the precedence over immediate emotional drives.

Occasionally there arise persons who have this ability of utilizing the past to such a degree that they achieve tremendous success in their own particular fields of endeavor, who either through some mysterious quality of inheritance or else through painstaking study have learned to read the past history of present phenomena and to govern their conduct accordingly. They are able to read the clock in the mirror.

Herd life, or society, is a mechanism as truly as anything of evolutionary growth is a mechanism. It has developed according to certain laws and now stands subservient to these laws. These laws await the discovery of each individual born into this world. In his ability to learn them, to file them away in his memory glossary, to apply them, lies the secret of success.

The man who insists on leading a purely

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Archaic, emotional life without consideration of the herd mechanism is doomed to disaster as truly as the drunken man who while intoxicated makes an attempt to drive an automobile without knowing anything of its construction or limitation.

Thus my equestrian friend who attempted to govern his mount by emotion has since learned to master him by regard for and application of the rules under which the animal had been reared and trained.

And my impetuous relative, had he studied the rules laid down in the past for herd development, might have learned to apply these and thus attain his ends, as one by the application of simple laws may learn to tell mirror time.

Billy Sunday is one of those who—to pursue our allegory—has learned to read the clock backward with tremendous success. He has studied the past. He has learned that behind the austere ceremony of present-day worship lies the conception of Christ as a friend and helper rather than an august divinity.

I once witnessed a striking example of this line of reasoning during the course of his service. Billy had finished his athletic sermon. He was putting on his coat and had begun to mop off his perspiring face and

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neck, preparatory to making his closing prayer. While still using his handkerchief as a towel he began in a most friendly and conversational way:

“Jesus . . . Jesus . . . O Jesus, I’m tired. You know what I mean! . . .”

I confess that a wholly unexpected thrill ran through me. No doubt I felt like the Pharisee who came to scoff, yet remained to pray. It was all so different from my previous experiences in worship. In place of being conducted into the presence of an omnipotent and jealous master, Billy had turned me over to a friend, a companion, a chum, because he in his preaching had learned to read the clock in the mirror.

In regard to the clock in the mirror I offer primarily as my authority for the use of such allegories in psychological research Vailinger’s *Philosophy of the “As If.”*

In this great work the author contends that all of science in its beginning was based upon simile and allegory; that if early man had not adopted the habit of regarding the more complex phenomena of life in terms of the simpler and more familiar, science could not have progressed or even found footing.

Man said, for example, “The force of gravitation is ‘as if’ a string were fastened



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to all things, pulling them down toward the center of the earth."

Throughout all his advancement and acquirement of deeper and broader knowledge man has continually employed this system of allegory to make comprehensible scientific concepts which otherwise must have remained unintelligible.

In the development of his own attitude toward life as it is to-day man constantly employs the "as if" to clarify his viewpoint, to permit him to establish his own particular formula of existence. But the difficulty is that each of us out of his own particular experience is indeed enmeshed in his own particular fiction of the "as if."

The man of normal mind is he whose similes and comparisons by which he establishes his attitude toward life more nearly adhere to the "as if" of physical reality. On the other hand, he whose applications of the "as if" have led him out of reality so far that he is unable of himself to find his way back we call neurotic, hysterical, psychopathic, insane, depending upon how far afield his experiences have led him.

## XIX

### LIFE FORMULAS AND HUNGERS

THE sea of life into which man is launched at birth is, as I have tried to demonstrate, not a waste where chance and good or ill fortune are the sole determining factors. Even as the ocean is obedient to the laws of the tides, of the trade-winds, of the wandering currents, so is the herd life of to-day subservient to well-established rules. Both are mechanisms. Each holds its secrets for the searcher, and upon his knowledge of the laws each conceals depends the fate of the venturer who goes down to the actual, or psychic, sea in ships.

The winds that blow through the physical and mental worlds, the rise and fall of the tides, the stars by which the course is plotted, may stand as man's friends or enemies in proportion to his knowledge of the laws they obey.

Too often man's life voyage is as weary as Ulysses', wave-buffed, driven upon shoals, filled with suffering and privation,

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ending dismally in some sorrowful land. And yet this unfortunate voyager, had he but known the laws by which his journey was governed, might have attained the Blessed Isles.

For life is spread before man as the ocean stretches away from the shore, and it is for him to choose whether the days of his traveling be filled with joy and laughter or mourning and tears.

Daily, as each of us drives onward on his personal voyage, we hail and pass other craft, some with music and dancing on their decks, others wracked and torn by the winds of adversity. The condition of each of the ships we meet or overtake bespeaks eloquently the ability of the mind that directs her course. We can tell at a glance whether mind, the master, is groping through mystery toward some unknown port or is triumphantly guiding his ship home through his knowledge of the laws of navigation.

The Great Unknown which lies at the end of the voyage none can fathom, but the course we take toward that final haven may be dismal or joyous in accordance with the knowledge we possess of the laws of herd life—the sea through which we sail—the construction of our craft (the body) and of the engine that drives it (the mind machine).

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Man, we have learned, must have four things from life—the great Archaic Three, food and drink, shelter, and sex gratification—and fourth, the satisfaction of his fore-conscious drive for Greatness—his own particular gift.

From existence he must gain these four or he cannot live, but the manner in which he obtains them rests with him. He may gratify his hungers with a smiling face and a singing heart or he may proceed in the dismal manner of the Puritan. Which course he chooses rests, first, on his inheritance; second, on his education during the formative period of his life; third, on his ability to alter the formulas obtained from these two sources to meet the exigencies of later existence—sublimation.

The last is the greatest consideration. To a large extent man's happiness in life rests upon his adaptability, his power of changing his course on the sea of life to meet sudden crises of wind and wave.

I have spoken in the last chapter of those unfortunates who seem pursued by the furies in that their every action brings upon them disaster of one sort or another. Set over against these who are continually being buffeted about, because they disregard the rules of life navigation, each of us can think

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of people we term "lucky," whose lives seem an endless succession of desires gratified.

After nearly two generations of observation it has seemed to me that in the final analysis adaptability is the secret of happiness in this world. Man cannot change the basic laws that underlie his and the herd's existence, however much he may strain and bruise himself to overturn them. Clearly, since his life must be spent in the company of these unalterable tenets, he must adopt a flexible, rather than a rigid, attitude toward existence. He must learn that it is madness to fight the gods, and to gain happiness he must yield himself to their rulings.

My early home life was amid rather arbitrary and dogmatic, somewhat Puritanical, surroundings. Next door to us lived the Peterson family. Often I wished that they would move elsewhere, for it was clear to me, taking my attitude from the atmosphere of my own home, that sooner or later the vengeance of the Lord would descend upon that evil Peterson tribe, and we lived too close to them for comfort in the event of wholesale destruction.

For the life of the Petersons was everything that the Edson's was not. They were a godless crew. They played croquet on Sunday and actually seemed to take pleasure



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in this profanation of the Sabbath. They allowed wine, that mocker, to be exposed to public view on their sideboard. They went to the races and—depth of iniquity—played cards for money.

The boys—whom I secretly envied—were as unsanctified as their elders. They had boats and rowed on Sunday. They had shotguns and went hunting when they pleased. In short, they and the rest of their family continually violated the most sacred laws of the Deity as the Edsons knew him.

Hourly, while Pharisaically envying the Petersons, I looked for the wrath of God to be visited upon them in the shape of fire or flood, poverty or sickness, or utter annihilation. For I had been taught that all of the pleasures in which the family next door indulged were evil, and I had also been taught the vindictive spirit in which the Almighty punished the evildoer.

Yet year after year went by and the wrath of an outraged Deity was still withheld. Two of the girls married at last, rather against their parents' wishes. Then one of the boys ran away to sea.

"Ha-ha," I thought to myself in the spirit of a Cromwellian trooper, "here is the end of the Peterson family. Their wickedness has found them out."

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But the girls continued to come home for week-ends. They reared families, struggled with vicissitudes, we all knew, but always, as far as I could see, with laughter and song. Horses and carriages and fine homes finally came to them, in utter disregard of the world of dogma as I had been taught to know it.

Harry, who had run away to become a sailor, rose to be mate of his ship, then captain, and finally president of a big steamship corporation. The Peterson family in its wickedness continued to flourish like a green bay tree.

It is needless to say that while, ethically, I condemned the entire family, I was often a willing participant in the early criminal life of Harry. Frequently I stole my father's pistol and accompanied him on his hunting expeditions. Sometimes we got lost in the woods, at which I was always tremendously frightened, roused, as I see now, by the belief, inspired by my parents, that divine punishment is ever swift on the heels of the evildoer.

But Harry, a far starker sinner than I, was never alarmed. In fact, the conviction that he was lost seemed to be an exciting adventure to him. He at once set about to get his bearings, marking the position of the sun, the quarter from which the wind blew, the direction of paths, and the course of brooks.

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I came to the belief that the Lord would have a difficult job in punishing Harry for his many offenses, for Harry didn't seem to recognize disaster when he met it nor see the hand of God when it was raised to smite him.

Such were the divergencies in the Edson and the Peterson schools of life conduct. My family, dreading the violation of the rules of existence, assumed a rigid and fearful philosophy, repressing, as leading toward such violation, many bright and wholesome things which, because of their very brightness, seemed to be evil.

They substituted for the direct gratification of the Archaic desires a stern, dogmatic, repressive formula. They satisfied their desire for greatness by assuming an attitude of moral superiority toward their neighbors.

These neighbors, through the clearer play of their unconscious logic, saw no evil in things that were pleasant and fleshly, just because they were so. They adhered to the basic laws of herd life, but they threw no unnecessary obstacles into the mental channels through which their Archaic cravings found outlet. They achieved greatness in an easier and more natural fashion by seizing upon the good things of life when these things offered themselves.

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Harry, the evildoer, led a natural life. He learned by experience and unconscious logic to navigate the sea of existence skillfully before he went down to the actual ocean. I, however, whose emotional secretions were being continually dammed up by dogma, could find no easy exit for them, but gave them egress in tears and fright, anger and protest—safety valves, as might be said, of the unconscious.

Thus Harry's personal craft sailed pleasantly through summer seas, while mine, with sails reefed, struggled to round the Horn, and was badly battered and strained before its master learned to hold more closely to the actual laws that underlie existence, to remove unnecessary blockages from the paths of legitimate desires.

The four great hungers of life are the engines that drive the human craft in its voyage. Throughout existence, one or more of them is at the foundation of every action, every conscious thought, every dream.

Three of them, as I have pointed out, can be satisfied openly and at will without violating any of the standards that have been built up through the continually complexing herd life of man. But a fourth, the sex desire, man persists in regarding as non-existent in connection with his herd life. He strives



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to throttle it. He places all possible obstacles before it. He regards the greatest responsibility that Nature has imposed on him as one might look upon cancer—something never to be spoken of, never to be brought into the light of day.

You cannot block the exhaust of a physical engine; you cannot neglect it and maltreat it without obtaining disastrous results.

Man's reaction to continual suppression of sex desire is as definite as would his reaction be if his Archaic demand for shelter were starved; if he were unclothed and unhoused and forced to deal with the elements in his naked, unprotected state.

But because man has placed upon the natural sex hunger that besets him the stigma of disgrace, because the herd law has decreed that while he may announce to all the world that he desires food, he must never, even to his closest associates, confess this equally important hunger, the results of sex starvation are generally concealed.

The Physic Censor, arbitrator between the individual and the herd, often refuses to allow the conscious mind to recognize the stark, Archaic hunger of the unconscious in its revolting, natural state.

Fearing the condemnation of a civilization to which open recognition of these things is



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anathema, the Psychic Censor resorts to hypocrisy, tricks out the desire in some other form, and permits it to come in contact with the world in a form in which the conscious mind cannot identify the latent material.

In other words, man does not lead a normal life, either physically or psychically, from a sex viewpoint, and the continued suppression of the tremendous Archaic force, the necessary sublimation before it can be recognized in our herd life, is continually resulting in disaster.

The maltreated, neglected engine will wheeze and pound and backfire and eventually wreck the creation of which it is a part. The blocked sex desire does a similar thing.

Freud claims that the obstruction of sex gratification by the arbitrary laws of herd life is responsible for most of the abnormality and deformity that besets the psychic existence of man. Robbed of its natural outlet, the force must find another. These outlets, Freud says, have ranged all the way from murder and destruction in our Archaic lives to the dreams and neuroses of our present day.

In support of this he presents an amazing array of cases in which he has traced dreams and phobias back to their Archaic lair and

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found crouching there that inevitable, terrific force which man tries to starve and to which he becomes unconsciously and in a thousand ways the most abject slave.

I do not claim that primarily and intrinsically the sex drive was greater and more powerful than the desire for sustenance and shelter. But we have for thousands of years so ordered our lives that hunger and cold have been regarded openly and satisfied with the sanction and encouragement of herd life.

These cravings have flowed along their proper psychic channels unblocked. Sex desire has been checked and turned aside and dammed until by its accumulated strength it far outweighs the other two in present-day psychic importance.

Behind the dam it has gathered and the stored-up force of its stream is utilized to turn a variety of strange and sometimes distinctly harmful mechanisms.

It has been my experience that the malcontents and misfits of present-day existence—men who are unable for one reason or another to keep their places in the ranks of the advancing herd—are retarded by the fact that they still cling too closely to the Archaic means of satisfying the Archaic hungers, disguised, of course, as the Psychic Censor's knowledge permits.

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Freud claims still further that once the psychopath has been made to see the low level from which his own particular obsession, his attitude toward life has sprung, the obsession immediately "crumbles away."

That has not been my experience nor the experience of many other writers and observers in psychologic research work. The Archaic lusts are too mighty and immortal for man to turn them on or off at will, as he might a faucet. They are too deeply rooted in humanity for man to tear them out. Matters of this sort do not "crumble away" in the sense that they vanish into thin air. You cannot melt up or blow away the Archaic drives. They cannot and will not stand any such eradicating process.

But for the false and harmful conception which is making a normal man a neurotic the psychoanalyst can substitute another, not harmful. The original conception is merely the individual's attempt to sublimate his Archaic desire, to find a relief for it.

The psychologist's problem, in this instance, is not to explain the matter to the patient and watch the concept "crumble away," but to guide the Archaic drive into some other channel, more nearly in conformity with standardized herd escapement.

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I have treated many neurotics and alcoholics. In many instances I have been successful in showing them how to achieve their Archaic demands at a less objectionable and expensive level than through alcoholic debauches. But never have I seen the matter "crumble away" into nothingness. It has always been through the process of substitution that success has been achieved—by turning the flow of the Archaic desire into another and more profitable course from the viewpoint of, first, mechanistic necessity, then of herd expediency.

## XX

### BRAIN PATTERNS AND THE CHEMISTRY OF ACTION

WE have followed man back through the cavern of unnumbered years to that unimaginably distant point where that first faint stir in the blackness proclaimed that the seed of all life had been planted on this planet.

From that first, mysteriously formed fleck of protoplasm, we have striven to trace the terrific upward climb of what is now the human mind. We have spanned depthless chasms with the bridge of pragmatism. We have soared over impregnable heights on the wings of hypotheses.

Bit by bit we have articulated a model of the human mind machine; not necessarily what it is, but rather what it may be. To the psychologist of a thousand years hence, present-day theories of mind construction may be laughable. All that we can say now is that we have built them in accordance with the laws of life as we knew them; that we have created them in harmony with our knowledge of logic.



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So our tentative model of the human mental mechanism stands before us, and after our groping fashion we have learned something of how this hypothetical engine functions. On a foundation of pragmatism we have evolved certain unrefuted theories concerning the common conduct of humanity. In other words, we have dwelt hitherto on the traditional, the legal aspect of the science of mind construction and functioning.

But science that goes no farther than this is still-born. There are three aspects of the subject that must be covered. Hitherto we have dwelt upon only two. We have concerned ourselves solely with the evolutionary growth of the mind—its past—and with its construction and workings—its present. We now face the third and greatest aspect of the subject—its future.

We are face to face with that portion of a science that H. G. Wells terms “the legislative.” On the bases of the past and present we must erect a tentative structure in conformity with the general outline and architecture of this foundation.

We have groped in the past and read by the flickering light of human comprehension the trail left by humanity in its upward struggle. From our knowledge of the laws that governed that long, long track from darkness

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toward the light, of the formulas established by consistently reiterated action, we can at least venture to predict a future; to prophesy what the farther upward course will be.

Throughout the generations to come, the world is to witness the collapse of mystery after mystery under the impact of laws. It is to see the reclamation of many things heretofore attributed to a careless sweep of the hand of God and their incorporation in the realm of logic.

Consider for a moment, by way of illustration, the "mystery" of leadership. What is it that impels men to follow and, if need be, die for one individual, and hoot at the suggestion of another that they do his work or his fighting for him?

The leader of men has been loosely called a genius or an accident. Already the world is beginning to catch a glimmer of the truth that he is actually an expert in herd reactions, an intuitive psychologist.

Is it any more amazing that a man may know instinctively how the common run of men react to certain stimuli than it is that another, with no acquired knowledge of music, may sit at a pianoforte and pick out melodies?

The latter takes a creation of wood, felt, and steel, created by master craftsmen in

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accordance with the laws of music, and is able to make it respond in harmony with those laws by grace of the inherited adaptability packed away in his unconscious mind by a thousand ancestors.

The man with a gift for leadership has inherited a knowledge of how society, that machine created by the master of all craftsmen, will respond to certain stimuli in accordance with unvarying laws. Instinctively he exerts this knowledge and draws thousands shouting in his train.

The mechanics of the human reaction to stimuli have already been established by laboratory experiment. It is known that the activating force of mentality is a power akin to electricity, if not actually that mysterious fluid.

It is also presumed that the materials which generate this force—the chemicals whose reaction bring it into being—are “the chromaffin bodies—derived from the adrenals—and brain protoplasm.” But whatever the activating force, it flows through the great nerve trunks of the spine and thence to the glands that harbor the essence of emotions—the adrenals, the liver, the thyroid. These pour their content into the blood, and the force of thought is finally transformed into bodily response toward fear or desire.

## BRAIN PATTERNS

These matters are described with remarkable clarity and logic in Dr. George W. Cryle's monumental work, *The Origin and the Nature of the Emotions*.

Two things must be borne in mind in consideration of the mechanism of thought and its resultant action:

First, thought and action are entirely separate processes, although they are devised to interlock. Thought is a force set in motion entirely through an electric discharge from the brain. It differs most radically from action, which is the mechanical response to the chemicals shot by the glands into the blood, under the drive of the thought discharge from the brain.

Second, this thought discharge is brought about only through the stimulus which brings together the chromaffin bodies and the brain proteins.

The theory of Cryle sets forth that these thought-forming materials are combined according to "brain patterns," the outcome of thousands of years of human experience—that is, the coming together of chromaffin and brain protein and the resultant electrical discharge is nothing more than a recognition of a former experience—of an ancient brain pattern in part or whole. These ancient adventures of his forbears, faced by con-

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ditions similar to those confronting him, have graven on his brain formulas or "patterns" for conduct.

The orthodox Jew will turn from the plumpest and pinkest hog carcass with a shudder of disgust. The average Christian will yearn for a dish of pork and apple sauce. Generations that have regarded the swine as unclean have established a definite brain pattern in the Jew which he follows instinctively. So with the Christian; his pattern indicates automatically that pigs are good to eat and he follows its direction.

All of our basic brain patterns are so Archaic that they now function without our conscious consent. They are the result of material or fractions of material stored away in the mind index by countless generations searching for the material to appease the three world-old hungers—To Live; To Achieve; To Propagate.

This, then, is the hypothesis. If there is nothing to overthrow it—and psychology has not yet brought forward any such force—it is a logical step farther to say that if one may obtain knowledge of the brain patterns of another, if he may grasp the secret of how the other's mind will react instinctively to certain stimuli, that other may be played upon as a musician plays upon his violin.



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There is the essence of leadership—the ability to comprehend the natural reaction of your followers to external conditions. Knowing that reaction, they are yours.

The brain pattern has been devised by the mind through its ancient experience to serve as a defense or a profit bearer. Its worthiness, its place in relation to present-day normal human conduct, are of no concern. As long as it is held, it functions as though it held all the qualities of truth.

Thus, one may shudder and shrink when a perfectly harmless cat enters a room. Here is perhaps the old brain pattern of primeval man's terror of the lion and tiger at work. Until that pattern is eliminated by the delicate work of the psychoanalyst, its owner cannot help responding to it as though it held all the elements of present-day truth. For brain patterns may be altered or substituted completely under the ministrations of the professional or the instinctive psychologist.

I have a patient who is a successful salesman. I say he is successful because his salary is thirty-five thousand dollars a year. The basis of his success is his ability to reform and revise the brain patterns of others. I do not suppose he spends one hour out of fifty in actual business talk. The rest of his waking hours are spent, not in "enter-

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tainment” pure and simple, but in companionship with his friends, the prospective buyers.

He never talks shop; never expatiates on the quality and value of the material he is selling. Rather, he waits, carefully building up the proper brain pattern, until that pattern at last brings his client—his rivals say “victim”—into the condition where he is forced, by his own mind, to purchase.

The prospective buyer likes him. The salesman’s house is open to him; he offers psychic food when the man is weary or lively, gay or lonesome, material food when physical hunger needs gratification. In other words, the purchasing agent finds the salesman is a good old scout whom he cannot do without.

When the sale day arrives, there is the brain pattern designed by my patient, and the prospective buyer, following its design, proceeds to sign the order. He can no more help doing it than you or I can help laughing at a joke or shivering at a ghastly tale.

The ultimate object of all scientific adventuring is the same—to discover, if possible, the shortest formula that will accurately include continually recurring events. In other words, we strive to fathom the future. By establishing presumptive laws in the present, we endeavor to ascertain what to-

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morrow may be. We strive to read the unwritten word; to visualize the coming event.

The gift of postulation, of laying down the lines along which the future course of life is to run, is the foremost heritage of man, no matter how mean or feeble the individual to postulate may be.

In an early chapter I pointed out that the postulates used by one science to bridge chasms and link phenomena may not apply at all to another science. Geometry has as one of its postulates that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, but the physicist will tell you there is no such thing as a straight line.

The atomic hypothesis does not lend itself to reality as we know it. This was Dalton's postulate to hold together ever-recurring phenomena.

Psychology has assumed a postulate concerning mind changes that is not in accord with the physiological conception, that mind changes are invariably accompanied by corresponding physical changes in the brain.

In its effort to discover convenient laws for describing comprehensively the conduct of people under well-known stimuli, psychology has evolved an entirely different hypothesis. The mind, this postulate holds, has two functioning departments or person-

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alities. This theory was established to organize for consideration two tremendously differing forms of conduct—one seen in everyday life; the other, in the conduct of the so-called insane.

In examining this postulate, the first thing noted in connection with insanities was that these contained no materials not found in the normal mind. In fact, there seemed to be two mind departments, one containing reason or logic; the other a department of desire dominated by stern necessity and unhampered by the rational part of the mind.

Thus was established the concept of dual personality, brought about by the discovery that in most normal people there are apparently two minds, each driving toward an objective and by those drives often brought into mortal conflict with each other.

The brain of each of us has been the battleground for these conflicting drives. Who of us has not pursued some cherished, perhaps fantastic, desire, and when questioned concerning that pursuit has not floundered about desperately in search of some logical excuse for it? Who has not sought desperately, in the department of logic, for some rational explanation of our act, first putting forward lame excuses and feeble explanations, then amending them again and again and, finally

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driven to the wall, ending by fighting and raving as a final inadequate defense?

Those who have experienced such a crisis—and who has not?—should comprehend readily the theory of the disassociation of the two departments of the mind and the psychologist's claim that these are often in conflict with each other.

It is this conflict that causes insanity—these disassociations in greater or less degree and under which the department of desire proceeds to achieve its ends, free for the moment of the department of logic.

An honest man swindles in business because, he says, his wife and children must be supported "properly." He has established a partial disassociation. His charitable friends say with a sigh that he "must have been crazy" and come much nearer to the truth than they can possibly realize. The margin that separates such a man from those termed by society actually "insane" is narrow indeed. The swindler has accomplished a partial disassociation. The maniac has merely carried that disassociation farther.

The "insane man" neglects his department of logic entirely, retires altogether from the world of reality, and in a world made by himself for that purpose finds the ungratified desires bountifully fulfilled.



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His dominating ego under the stern command, "Live, Achieve, Propagate," cannot carry out these orders fully in the world of reality where the logical mind dominates. He cannot conduct himself in an insane manner with this guardian watching over him that gets him nowhere and brings unendurable failure. What happens? He slams the door of the logic compartment and opens the portal wide for the desirous mind to come forth.

While the logical mind is under even partial control, he realizes that the insane acts which he contemplates committing would bring in turn an unendurable sense of inferiority. Therefore, he temporarily or permanently imprisons this rational mind and goes his way.

Unhampered by logic and reason, his desires are fed. Starving in the world of reality, he finds plenty on every side in the abode of the fantasy which he rears for himself. His strange conduct, the unreasonable things he does, do not humiliate him, for the door of logic is shut and barred.

The insane man who tells all beholders that he is the omnipotent emperor of the world may ask you for a chew of tobacco, may beg the price of a drink, without the least sense of humiliation or loss of greatness.

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Logic or rationality—call it what you please—has been banished.

With the portal of logic shut tight, what chance is there of driving the desireful mind to cover and reopening the chamber where the prisoner is held? What opportunity have we to bring back the maniac to sanity? Little, it would seem; but here is where the psychologist turns to the inherited brain patterns of his patient for aid. Through them, through the method used by myself in dealing with my horse-woman, the subject may be enticed from his mad palace of fantasy back into reality.

If in our search to aid such a subject we can find a definite brain pattern indicated in all the strange acts and speech of the crazy man, we have the solution of the complex. We have the key to the door behind which logic is locked away.

But with the downright insane, such a matter is difficult and sometimes impossible, for the complex may be complexed over and over again until the unraveling of the tangled skeins of mentality is far past human ability.

In the case of my horse-woman, it is doubtful whether my daily chatter, directed at the horse she believed herself to be, had any effect whatever on the complex which had only the most obscure relation with the basic

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brain pattern that held the key to the door of logic.

The collie pups, on the other hand, reached that pattern through the Archaic drive of sex. By reason of their warmth, their hair, their appealing helplessness, they crept to the door of logic and opened it ever so slightly. And through that little opening there entered the desire to kiss and fondle.

Logic stirred again, and the Archaic brain pattern which the pups had touched drove her to stoop down and gather them up in her arms.

## XXI

### LIFE FORMULAS

IT would have been impossible to convince Napoleon at the height of his power that a nation and a man could not rise to pre-eminence through adherence to militarism. It would be equally futile to-day to attempt to convert John D. Rockefeller to the belief that money is the root of all evil.

By warfare Napoleon exalted himself and his country. Through finance Rockefeller has risen to a position far above the rank and file of humanity.

“My theory of life is wrong?” either might reply to such a doubter. “It can’t be wrong. Look to what it has brought me.”

Ever and again in his work the psychoanalyst encounters a psychopath who unconsciously returns the same argument to all efforts to bring him back to normality—the level of the herd.

Occasionally the mind mechanic is called upon to confront a man who is getting his life foods in a manner beyond the pale of

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modern civilization, but who is getting them so successfully that it is impossible to bring him back to normality. These are the mental Napoleons and Rockefellers who, when confronted by persons pointing out alleged errors in their conduct, reply:

“Wrong? It can’t be wrong. Look at what it has brought me!”

Man is living to achieve—achieve gratification for the hunger, shelter, sex, and To-Be-Great desires. If by his own peculiar line of conduct he is satisfying them he will not abandon a tried and efficient line of conduct for another whose chief recommendation is that it is more conventional.

One of my own failures in the field of psychoanalysis may serve to point out the theory more clearly.

The patient was sent to me by his family. He did not come to me of his own accord because he was getting all that he needed in life in his own way. He had no conscious failing or defect. He was quite satisfied with his own conduct in life and life’s return to him.

It was chiefly to oblige his wife and friends upon whom his peculiar obsession reacted unpleasantly that he came. His psychopathy—that is, the external manifestation of it as seen by his associates—consisted of inor-



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dinate drowsiness. He dozed or slumbered at most inopportune times. He would nod over his desk or his dinner table, utterly indifferent to social or business demands. What, his associates asked me, could be done to break him of his embarrassing habit?

My patient had inherited a tremendous fortune. From his earliest babyhood this wealth and all that it implied had been at his beck and call. He had but to say "please" and "thank you" and "excuse me" and everything that went toward the gratification of his life hungers was his. Thus, from his earliest memory, he had never been obliged to starve the Archaic in his nature. He had never been called upon to struggle with the hoary old man within and disguise him so that he might come before the world without shocking the herd. Through the magic of unlimited wealth he had been able to feed the Archaic directly and with little or none of the dissembling and substitution common to most of us.

Because, all his life, "please" and "thank you" and "excuse me" had brought him everything that he needed, his unconscious mind with its Archaic desires lay fat and inert. These, continually glutted since his childhood, had resigned full control of his conduct to his conscious mind.

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In short, this formula, this line of conduct toward life, had brought him food to repletion for his Archaic hungers. It would have been impossible to point out to him a better method of procedure than his own of saying "please" and "thank you" and enjoying the fruits thereof.

A splendidly appointed city home, broad acres in the country, a battalion of servants, a wife and children, all were his. They together gratified the three great Archaic hungers to repletion. Clearly, then, his sudden and unaccountable slumberings were not for the sublimation of any of these.

There remained in my search for the cause, then, only two hypotheses. He might have some physical ailment that produced this torpid condition, or else the fourth great hunger that drives man forward, the desire To Be Great, was finding in sleep what it was unable to obtain in his waking hours.

A physical examination destroyed the first theory. The man was as strong as a horse.

Clearly, then, it was to be presumed that his sleeping fits were for the purpose of gratifying his To-Be-Great desire, giving him achievement and recognition denied him in his waking hours. To confirm this theory it was necessary to get at the content of his

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dreams—no easy matter, for the Psychic Censor of his conscious mind stood a jealous guardian over this secret.

Before delving into the manifest content of his dream life I classified him anthropologically, and thus obtained another clue. His eyes I graded, according to the chart given at the end of this book, as 90 per cent blond and 10 per cent brunet. His nose and forehead gave the same result—90 per cent blond, 10 per cent brunet.

Here was a man whose inheritance would tend overwhelmingly to drive him to physical exploitation and achievement. This desire would be nine times as strong as the conceptual impulse.

Man cannot smother these physical drives which are wrapped up in the very tissues of his body. They must find their outlet somehow, if not through direct action, then through the safety valve of dreams.

My patient had inherited an enterprise from an uncle—a business which, because of the vast wealth behind it and the subordinates that directed it, ran along well enough whether he interfered or not. But family pride on his and his relatives' parts had decreed that he must remain at least its titular head; that he must appear at his office and be regarded as the driver of the

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commercial machine which his uncle had guided before him.

Therefore he sat each day at his desk, and while there gave himself over earnestly to purely mental, conceptual effort. Yet because only one tenth of his make-up leaned toward this type of work he could not achieve. Respect and deference were shown him, but not the recognition and praise that his To-Be-Great desire needed. By his physique and its character and his early "education" he was barred from conceptual exploitation, to the end product of achievement.

I found that on his summer and winter vacation he sought the seashore, as his light eyes had told me he must. There he swam and sailed his yacht and spent his days in physical achievement. During these vacations, he told me naïvely, he never felt drowsy. Yet over his desk in the office he nodded all day long.

Of course he did. He had tamed his Archaic desires by constant feeding. One great drive remained for him to satisfy. He had to obtain greatness. By his physical inheritance he could not obtain this at a desk in an office. Therefore he sought slumber in which to exalt himself by dreams.

When I finally induced him to tell me the

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content of his dreams and visions, I found, as I had suspected, that they were always visions of swift action, in which he was the hero. In them he, by his good right arm, by his skill and bravery, overcame all resistance, was the strongest of the strong, the most daring of the daring. In his dreams he was finding the physical achievement and recognition lost to him in the life imposed upon him by destiny and his family.

There was nothing to be done for him. By his wealth the Archaic desires were fattened and stall fed. Through his dreams he was getting in the life of slumber those things denied him in the life of waking.

The fault lay not with him, but with his family. They, not the man to whom they sent him, could cure my patient of his habit of drowsiness by adapting their lives to his life's demands. They did not. He still dreams his wonderful dreams of action, because those who love him and the circle of herd life into which he was born have decreed that he who should have been a sailor, an explorer, an adventurer, remain tethered to an office chair.

The corridor of evolution, through which man has journeyed from the slime of First Things to this day, runs ever uphill. Its floor is beset with obstacles and pitfalls, and



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fearful things lie in wait to pounce upon the traveler—humanity.

Before us that same corridor still stretches away, no man knows whither, although the dreamer now and again catches a half vision of what lies at its end. Its course is forever upward, and the traveler who stumbles along it catches his feet in the same obstacles and fights back the same enemies that beset those from whom he received the torch of life.

For it is only through battle that man has lifted himself from the ooze of primeval things. The history of the race is the history of unending warfare against tremendous odds, with the victory that is to crown the end of the journey still a long way off.

Each man at birth throws down a gauge of combat against the world, even as mankind in general accepted such strife millions of years ago at the Beginning. The life of each of us is filled with the din of conflict for the four great things without which man cannot live—the Archaic Three and the desire To Be Great.

It is to make more effective his battle against the universe that man has taken upon himself his present culture. The rules of herd life, the elements of civilization, are merely war engines invented by man for the purpose of getting what he needs in the best and quickest way.

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The obstacles and blockages which he has been forced to overcome are responsible for his field of vision, his vocabulary, all that separates him from the brute. If food and drink, if sex gratification, if shelter, had been always at man's hand, he would still be wallowing in the muck of First Things. The pursuit of these essentials and of the desire To Be Great that grew out of them has hurried him along the corridor of evolution to outstrip by far the rest of the animate world.

Had these things been as easy of attainment as the air we breathe, man would be to-day far below the present level he has obtained in his unending fight.

Yet while the great fighting phalanx of humanity presses doggedly forward, the battle does not rage with equal intensity all along its front. Here one rank meets with little opposition and goes forward with triumphant song; there the pressure of the foe forces another to give ground doggedly. One man fights through life on the offensive, capturing spoils of war and exulting in his victory. Another, because of the post that has been assigned him in the battle line, struggles desperately on the defensive, clenches his teeth, and uses all his might to stand up against overwhelming odds.

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“Life,” says the victorious one, the optimist, “is sweet.”

“Life,” snarls the hard beset, the pessimist, “is treacherous and bitter.”

Small wonder, when they meet to discuss their warfare, that mutiny arises in the ranks of humanity. Their views are as irreconcilable as was Marie Antoinette's and the Parisian sans-culotte's.

“If they can't get bread, let them eat cake,” is the careless speech of one who had encountered small resistance in her own life battle. On this and similar assertions has hung much of the woe in the world.

Yet it is not impossible that man may change his shield and heavy armor of pessimism for the charger and lance of the optimist. It does not rest alone with the fortune of the battle and his place in the ranks.

Much of it is in his own hands. Evolution has given him a body. It rests with him whether this is cared for or neglected and upon him is visited the result of this care or neglect.

And man, in the last century, has begun to discover that his mind, heretofore regarded as something too abstract and irresponsible to be governed by laws, is, after all, as much a mechanism and a creature of the painful craftsmanship of evolution as his body.

## *LIFE FORMULAS*

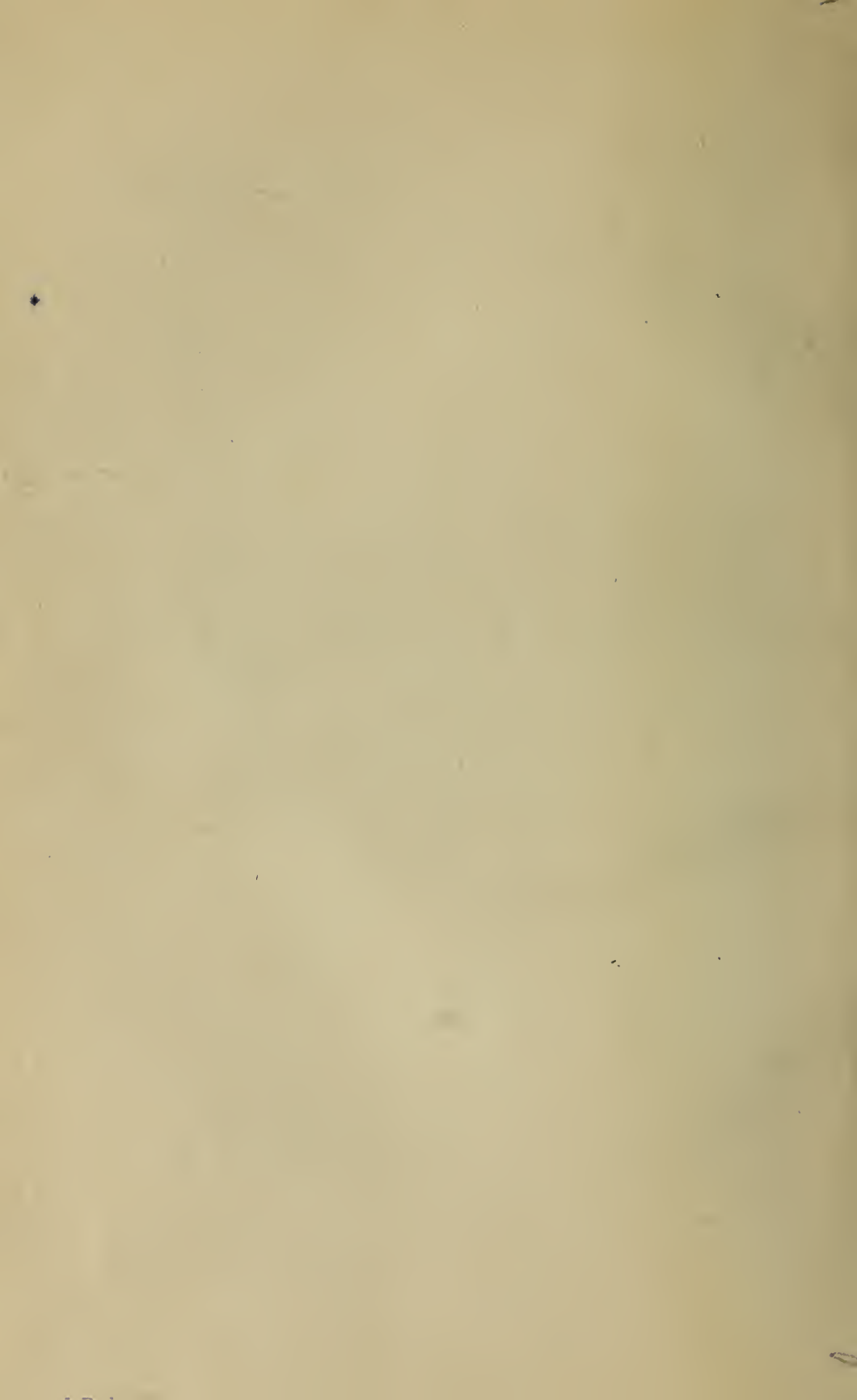
Much is still to be learned of the working and the needs of that magical machine, but the broad rules by which it may be driven toward success rather than disaster are already formulated.

By following these rules, by identifying and guiding the impulses of the machine, by tending it and caring for it as some of us have learned to tend and care for our bodies, man can more often turn pessimism into optimism, defensive warfare into offensive.

Into the hands of each of us the mind machine is given at birth—a delicate, intricate, tremendous mechanism, more powerful than anything that can ever be evolved by the skill of man. Let the hand that steers it and controls the throttle be unskilled, and existence becomes a matter of luck. Man is thrown haphazard into the fortunes of war. But let a skilled mechanic guide the machine, and the limits of space itself are not too remote a goal for it to achieve and pass.

“It is not in our stars, dear Brutus, but in ourselves that we are underlings.”

THE END











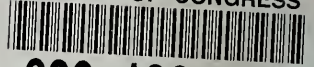


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